National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 3. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,095.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE CRISIS OF AMERICA IN SCOTLAND.

SPEECHES OF DRS. GUTHRIE AND CHEEVER,

AT EDINBURGH, May 9, 1861.

From The Caledonian Mercury, May 10—slightly abridged.

LAST night, a meeting was held in Nicholson Street United Presbyterian Church, for the purpose of hearing an address by the Rev. Dr. Cheever on the present crisis in America. There was a large attendance, all parts of the Church being quite full. The Rev. Dr. Guthrie presided.

Speech of Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

Since we had last the pleasure of meeting Dr. Cheever, things, as you are aware, have come to a crisis in America. Were Macaulay alive—Lord Macaulay—he would not now have to speak of the unpunished wickedness of slavery. I took the liberty some two years ago, when unfairly attacked by friends in America, under misrepresentations sent from this country, to warn them in a letter which I wrote and compelled them to publish, that unless they washed their hands of this iniquity, the time, in God's providence, could not be far distant when a righteous judgment would come down upon their land. This judgment has come in a war which, unless God interfere to stop it, will fill one of the bloodiest pages in history. I am old enough to remember of the French war, and to remember of the news of the Battle of Waterloo. I remember how our cities were illuminated for the victory obtained there; and the first year I was at College in Edinburgh I saw the 42d—a small and broken band—come in, bearing the wounds they got there; and a great ovation they had in this city. Since then Great Britain, unfortunately, has been engaged in wars. I am not here to defend them or approve of them. We bombarded Algiers; we also destroyed the Turkish fleet; we fought battles in India, in Burmah, in the Crimea, and in China; but no man living ever saw a war, and I do not know that history has on record a war, that will prove so dreadful and disastrous as this war, the cannon of which we now hear booming across the Atlantic. There have been wars in that country before. We had a struggle with the Americans, but a very different struggle from what this will prove to be. This is a struggle, not between different nations—aliens in blood, in faith, in source, in interests—not a struggle between two different races, like that when, in the days of old, the red Indian flourished his tomahawk, and with his war-whoop burst into the smoking ruins of villages, murdering and massacring the children. These were encounters with hereditary enemies; but here in America we have a house divided against itself—brothers in mortal combat over the graves of their common parents. The world has never seen such a horrid strife; and if the dead walked this earth, I could fancy the spirits of the Red Indian saying that the hour of their revenge had come, when the sons of those men that had exterminated them were now exterminating each other; and I could fancy the negro, if he dared not express it, chuckling in his own heart at the sight America now presents—when the man that hunted him and the man who assisted in the hunt are in the death-grapple, have each other by the throat, burying their swords in each other's bosoms; and if he knows our proverb, I can fancy him saying to himself—"When rogues fall out, honest men will get their own" (cheers). May it be so. Nevertheless, my dear friends, this is a most frightful calamity. There is not a Christian in this house who has not lifted his voice in prayer to God to stop this bloodshed and clear away this dreadful crime of slavery. I will relate one incident as an illustration of what will be the result of the present state of matters there. There is an Episcopal clergyman in New York, or one of the other large towns, who has four sons. Two of them are in the South in the ranks of the Southerners, and the other two—his Joseph and his Benjamin—armed to the teeth, are gone to fight the Southerners; and perchance these brothers meet foot to foot and sword to sword in the shocking battle. What can be said of that father? What is he to pray? For which side is he to ask victory? Whichever side may gain, that father loses. A civil war is, of all calamities that can befall a country, the most dreadful; and what aggravates matters in regard to this wretched case is the terrible spirit of vengeance which men are carrying into it. How does the haughty pride of both parties glare out in the answer I read this morning given by Seward, Lincoln's Secretary, to the Governor, I think, of Maryland, who, deprecating this dreadful bloodshed, and anxious to have a peaceful settlement, proposed to the President of the United States that the matter should be referred to our Ambassador, Lord Lyons; and that he should be asked to mediate between the contending parties. This was a most Christian-like proposal; but what is the answer it received? It is resented, with a fling at monarchy, forsooth! The President's Secretary writes back, wondering that any man should propose that this matter should be referred to the arbitrament of a foreign country, and especially the arbitrament of a European monarchy. A monarchy! (Laughter.) And what is this monarchy to which the Governor of Maryland proposes to refer the matter? It is not the monarchy of Russia, not the monarchy of Napoleon, not the monarchy of King Bomba, or of King Bomba's son (laughter). It is the monarchy of their own mother (loud cheers), and surely it is the mother's part to step in between her sons when, knife in hand, they are ruthlessly aiming at each other's breasts (cheers). A European monarchy, forsooth! (Laughter.) I am very much mistaken if many in the United States at this moment would not be glad to be under a European monarchy (laughter and cheers), and if they would not be thankful for the motherly protection of our good Queen Victoria (loud cheers). I am much mistaken if they would not like to be living under a monarchy where there is a Sovereign but no slave (cheers), where every honest man can sell his work to the highest bidder, and work where he likes, and strike where he likes if he has a mind to (laughter and cheers), where we have markets for the sale of cattle but not of men and women (cheers), and where no man ever saw, and by God's blessing, no man ever shall see, a human being put up at an auction block and knocked down to the highest bidder (cheers). Monarchy, forsooth! I must say to Dr. Cheever that the pride of his people seems to be inextinguishable (laughter), sneering at monarchy when their own Republic, like an old house, is tumbling about their own ears—the dry rot in its timbers being slavery (cheers). Now, my dear friends, what is to be the issue of this state of affairs? What is to be the end of this contest and struggle I cannot fancy. Abuse the South as men may, I say that in some respects the North is guiltier than the South (hear). They had the truth (hear, hear), they were free, and they should have sympathized, therefore, more with the cause of freedom. They were not brought up with slavery; and for myself I sometimes think there is six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other (cheers). I do not say our own country is free from blame. I should not be surprised if we suffered part of that shower of judgments. Our merchants and manufacturers were long guilty in neglecting, in our own colonies, to raise cotton, and thereby cut the foundations out below slavery; but just look at New York. It is a notorious fact that the merchants of New York, in the reverence they have for the "dollar," have been the mainstays of slavery. It is New York dollars that have built every slave ship—it is by New York merchants that these slave ships are owned that at this moment are carrying on that infamous traffic. Let us remember that in judging between North and South. Look at the pulpits of the North. Look at their preachers and ministers. They have employed their pens and prostituted their pulpits in defending this atrocious system. They have gone to the pulpit—one minister did it in New York in 1850—and, instead of lifting up his hand before God in heaven and denouncing the Fugitive Slave law, hounded on his people to give effect to it. One of them in the same place declared his belief that God converted Onesimus for the very purpose of proving that Christianity was compatible with slavery (hear, hear). In regard to slavery, he says: "It was instituted by Divine authority at the creation of man." That's news (cheers). I wonder where he got that (laughter). Why, it is certainly not in our Bible. They must have another edition of the Bible. The fact is, I will undertake to prove, before that man can prove that it be true, that Adam and Eve were both black (laughter and cheers). Well, that is not all. He says in regard to slavery, that it was instituted by Divine authority at the creation of man—that the negroes are not the children of Adam ("Oh, oh"), that their state is that of an inferior race, which God had made subject to the Adamic race, and are so to continue throughout all generations; and that God subsequently cursed all produce of the mixture of the seed of the two races to the same subjection as the sable race. Now, I don't say that has been said by all ministers, but things as bad have been said by ministers, and I charge these men with having rivetted the fetters of the slave. That is not the worst; but with the same hands they have loosed the bonds that bound men to the gospel, and have made infidels and sceptics by thousands and tens of thousands ("hear, hear," and applause). I hold in my hand a paper, which I got this morning, which will give you an idea of how faithless the clergy are; and I think it is far better that I should deal with the clergy than that any other body should deal with them (cheers). In Scotland they say it is a good thing to take the first word of "flyting." Now, I am going to speak against the clergy, that no other body may do it (laughter). *The Congregationalist*, a religious paper, states that "of the sermons preached by the 1,300 orthodox Congregationalist ministers of the six New England States during the last ten years, in all probability not more than one-tenth of 1 per cent."—what a small number that is, I leave the bankers here to calculate—"have made any allusion whatever to the subject of slavery." There is the faithlessness of the pulpit; but the worst of the matter is this, that so far as I can judge, their very public prints and private correspondence are hardened and hardening in iniquity. I see by a paper to-day, for instance, that since Lincoln was made President—since the storm-cloud gathered, and since it began to burst and roar—the slave-hunters are more active than ever in Chicago—a free town in a free State (hear, hear)—and that the slave-hounds are scouring the town at this moment, and 300 colored people have fled that city in order that they may not be carried back to chains and slavery, and have found protection within the territories of a European monarchy (cheers). I remember the case of a mother with four children flying from the slave-hunter in a town in another free State, and she hid four or five hours beneath a rotting dungheap, out of which she crawled to cross to Canada, to find protection under a European monarchy (laughter and cheers). But nothing I have read in the newspapers is so bad as what I heard yesterday from a private and unquestionable source. My dear friends, I have no pleasure in speaking thus against our kinsmen in America—I had hoped better things of that country. We heard that there was a revival (hear)—or what seemed to be a revival, poured out on that land (hear)—and that merchants left their desks, and workmen their shops, to spend hours in prayer during mid-day in New York; and never did the prophet's servant climb Mount Carmel more anxious to see the cloud than I watched and prayed for a sign of repentance in that country. I wanted to see the evidence of a revival in the fast of God. I heard God calling from heaven—"Is not this the fast that I have chosen, that ye undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free?" I listened for the response. It did not come in the shout of four millions of liberated men—it did not come in the shape of earnest men going to the pulpit and confessing their sins of the past, and saying, "We have been verily guilty concerning our brother; we saw his anguish of soul, and when he besought us we would not hear; therefore, this has come upon us." No, there was no response. The crack of the whip and the groan of the negro went up to heaven as before, and drowned all the prayers that these men had offered (hear, hear). Well, then, they did not improve the time of revival; and if men do not improve the time of revival, God will next try them with judgment; and there has come a judgment upon them in a civil war—a plague worse than the ten plagues of Egypt. In Egypt the first-born fell by the hand of God; yonder Abel falls by a brother's stroke. The judgment is on them, and what is the result? I am sorry to say that I am reminded of Egypt, how Pharaoh hardened his heart, and would not let the people go. Here are the terms of a letter I heard of but yesterday, written by a man that I believe to be a Christian: "New York," he says, "is all in a ferment. Troops are marching by hundreds southwards; business is at a dead stand; 1,200 volunteers have passed my counting-room away to the South. The ladies have formed committees to provide beds and bandages and linen for the wounded. Lincoln is now popular—we opposed him before; but we will stand by him now." Then comes the shocking passage: "But remember," he says, "that notwithstanding all this, and our support of Lincoln, our opinions in regard to slavery are not changed. We will go and lick the South, and keep the negroes in their slavery." Now, there is the state of matters. There is no hope for the poor negro in this struggle, so far as the intentions of many of these men are concerned. They talk of liberty, and would cement their Union not only with the tears of the negro, but with the blood of their brethren; but what are they going to do for the oppressed man? Nothing. The power of God will overrule events so that, in the course of time, the chains of the slave will be broken. But the state of feeling on the part of many of these Northern men is the darkest phase in the whole of this question. I know not what to think of it. I cannot see what is to be the issue of this struggle. I believe that in the end God will overrule it for good; but I hope that when fathers in America are washing the blood from the dead bodies of their sons they will come to abhor the cause of all this turmoil and ruin in that country, and, like the man now lying in Dundee jail under sentence of death, who said, bending his head in misery and covering his face with his hands—"Oh, curse that drink!"—that when America stands over the bleeding bodies of her own sons, fallen in this fratricidal war, I hope she too will cover her face with her hands and say—"Curse that slavery"; and that fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, Ministers of State, and ministers of the Gospel, will rise up as one man to say, "Undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free" (loud applause).

I have now the pleasure of introducing our highly esteemed friend—our beloved, our noble friend—of whom I will say that had there been a thousand Dr. Cheevers in America, things would never have come to this pass (cheers)—if from the pulpit men had heard the truth as boldly and fearlessly preached as he has done, slavery, if not dead, would have been dying before now. Dr. Cheever will now address you, it may be for the last time; but I hope we will see him again when slavery is done and dead, and we will be happy to be invited to the funeral (laughter and cheers).

Speech of Rev. Dr. Cheever.

Dr. CHEEVER then rose to address the meeting. He said: In God's present overturning, as well as in past history, we read the great sentence that the nation and kingdom that will not obey God shall perish; and from such destruction how awful and solemn is the lesson? If nations will sin on a grand scale, their career shall be useful as dead carcases for the dissecting room, if in no other way. The United States, under dominion of the Slave Power, and in a complete assumption of slavery as the ruling genius of politics and religion, have been a vast shop in God's laboratory for working out the grandest demonstration, the most awfully significant moral lesson, ever wrought in so short a time on such a scale. The barbarism, cruelty, diabolism of human slavery being in its perfection the intensest, most murderous form of human avarice and selfishness; the power, nevertheless, of human depravity to defend, practise, and sustain it, even under the light of the gospel; the possibility of its being sanctioned, even in the Church of God; its effects so sanctioned and systematized on both State and Church, and on the social condition in each on the slave race, and on the slaveholders themselves; its effect on law, literature, morality, piety, corrupting everything, destroying everything; in all these respects the development is complete, although in the short space of little more than a single lifetime. But it has been accompanied and signalized with such glaring, monster abominations and horrors, consequent on these experiments and analyses of crime—the dissecting room has become so filled with pestilential stenches that God must, in protection of the nations, put a stop to the experiment, if not burn up or seal up the building (applause). In the rapid progress of this iniquity, great lessons are still to be evolved of national ruin by crime, and of divine retribution, as manifest as when a drunkard dies by spontaneous combustion. Look at this grand fact of disruption by the very chosen means of unity, because immoral means; for no one can doubt that the reason why slavery has not been profitable, and the Union on the ground of it permanent, was because it was criminal; and God would not suffer it to be successful. No one will dare to say that if this compact had been acceptable to God, and just and righteous towards man, it would have broken up the Union. It is its immoral and criminal nature that has caused this explosion and destruction. The fathers admitted a union of slave States under a pretended necessity, but with the intention of expelling the slavery; the children have continued the mistake of their fathers without any attempt to fulfil the righteous part of their intention, and the consequent ruin of the whole structure has ensued in the second generation. For no one can doubt that it is a ruin. The attempt at a reconstruction of the Union is wilder by far than Plato's dream of a perfect Republic; above all, its reconstruction by the reënthronement of slavery as its Juggernaut (hear, hear). Yet, even in the very whirlwind of the demonstration of divine wrath, with the Union bursting into fragments, the people seem eager to return to the same dreadful experiment for building them again together. The first compact with death was not explicit enough, and now it must be deeper set in the Constitution, amended for that purpose. These infamous propositions of compromise—of new concessions to the Slave Power—of new fugitive laws more atrocious in impiety and cruelty—are as if, while the fire was yet smoking of God's retributive judgments, the old Jews had raked Achan's images out of the coals, from the flesh of the dead, and had deliberately moulded them into an idol; as when Sinai was all in a blaze and shaking with God's thunder, the people brought their earrings and their jewels, and compelled the priest to fashion for them a golden calf for their God. But there can be no such reconstruction (hear, hear). It is beyond even the power of Satan in politics. It is what is called a grand crack, with a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side, and the war even now raging in the passages between. You can no more bring these extreme, disunited political and moral continents together, than you could the opposite frowning ranges of the Via Mala, or the Devil's Bridge. The very torrent that now thunders through will be found at length to be the mountain stream of liberty, so long dammed up, but which now you can neither turn, nor stop, nor bridge over (applause). For this impossibility we have reason to thank God, and take courage—although we owe our exemption from the danger not to our own, but to others' firmness. It reminds us of what Burke wrote concerning the proposed Regicide Peace. "In one point," said he, "we are lucky. We have an enemy to whose virtues we can owe nothing, but on this occasion we are infinitely obliged to one of his vices. We owe more to his insolence than to our precaution" (applause). The most extreme and irretrievable secession is our salvation. Our work is for the enslaved. We rejoice in every event that brings their emancipation near, or makes it probable, for this is the only redemption, not only for them but for their delirious masters. As Christian patriots, our sole anxiety and duty is to redeem the slaves, simply because, in the first place, that is justice, and the command of God; and, second, because in that course consists the only possibility of salvation for our country, the only permanence of freedom and happiness for ourselves (applause). In every respect the development of this wickedness has been complete and perfect in its work, both upon the oppressor and the oppressed; and now in the demonstration of its awful power to sever in the midst a nation that, in a virtuous union, the whole world could not have conquered. The torture of the race has become perfect, set apart as slaves, consecrated as mere stuff for slave property, by the maxim of the national justice that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect, all the forms of physical cruelty and suffering ever inflicted on the body, or endured by it, are but faint illustrations of the atrocity of this system of moral and social assassination—the rack, the wheel, the saw, the pinchers, the cutting knives, the dropping of boiling oil upon the naked body, the dislocation of the joints—all that you can imagine of the processes of torture with a human frame are weak symbols of the perpetual cruelty of treatment suffered by this race; outcast, trampled on, despised, dehumanized, excommunicated from the human family as a race, and chattelized forever. The destruction of the marriage bond, the annihilation of the institution of marriage as God appointed it for mankind; its impossibility for the slave race, the consequent destruction of the family relation for that race; the impossibility of any of the endearments, refinements, joys, sacred educational influences, trainings up for heaven, or blessedness on earth, inwrought of God in the domestic relation; the impossibility of family affections—father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, filial, maternal, all the duties and sacred enjoyments and responsibilities dignified by these words being ravaged and destroyed—households defiled and desolated, and the marriage tie and covenant changed into an enforced concubinage, a mere pagan concubernal arrangement, supplying the place of the Christian marriage, for the convenience of the master and owner of the human stock, in the profitable breeding and disposal of his property! And this arrangement, this crime against God and men, this social organization for defiling and blasting the household circles of millions, and filling them with mercenary licentiousness and misery, is styled—by an infernal satire worthy of Satan—the domestic institution of the South, a sacred domestic institution (applause). This institution for the establishment, perpetuity, and consecration of a whole race of human beings, especially mothers and daughters, to systematic shame, infamy, and anguish—this manufactory for the violation of every commandment in the decalogue—this slaveholding manufactory for profit is flaunted in the eye of God and man as a domestic state of wisdom and piety sanctioned by heaven! Here, in this concentrated arrangement of impiety and cruelty are its vital, reproductive, perpetuating powers of guilt and misery—its central, organic, active springs, all other abuses being trifling in the comparison. Whatever way you examine the system, it is one of mountain ranges of wickedness and torture; and bore where you will, it is moral arsenic and corroding fire; but in this respect, the children and children's children of four millions being property forever, the creation and perpetuity of a race solely to be slaves—and this, too, under the light of the Gospel—it goes beyond any system of atrocity and wickedness the world ever saw (hear, hear). As sure as there is a God, his mark of vengeance is there, and the retributive angels are waiting. The crime is the deliberate violation of every law of the decalogue. Whatever line of investigation in regard to it you pursue, it conducts you to a stand point of irreconcilable opposition against the dictates of divine revelation. In its original essence, and in every one of its particular elements and results, it is inherently sinful. The indispensable ingredients of slavery—without which it could not exist, and for the sake of which it does exist and is defended—are sin. It is man-stealing in the beginning; it is child-stealing in the continuance and progress; it is the stealing of men's wives, the stealing of their children. Second, it is the stealing of men's wages. If we considered that particular alone, with God's reprobation of it, it were enough. Then, again, thirdly, it is adultery—the establishment of a systematic violation of the first and fundamental law of social purity and happiness, and the profits of the system are due in a high degree to that vital organic abomination by which slave-breeding is the monopoly of Christian States; one of the strong objections raised against the revival of the foreign slave trade being just this—that it would lessen the profits of the slave-breeding States, and of the international domestic slave traffic. Now, it is quite impossible for any nation to make these things the fundamental elements of its existence, and not speedily perish. Think, then, of a race being set apart and consecrated to be the victims of such villanies, with the pretence of the sanction of such a system of moral assassination by Almighty God! The justification is even more blasphemous than the original crime; the statutes in its favor do but render the sin a more positive and daring violation of God's law. Received into the Church, this demoniac possession is complete; and its vested rights, so called, are vested devils, assuming the livery of angels, and pleading the custom of so many ecclesiastical corporations, and the sanction of so many professed and esteemed saints, that even Michael the archangel would hardly dare to bring against it a railing accusation, or even to say, "The Lord rebuke thee!" (Applause.) In its invading, furious, remorseless march, it has wound itself into a defile of God's providential retributive enclosures, where a syllable will bring down the poised and trembling avalanche; and you can almost hear the shout from unseen spiritual avengers—"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, cut all loose!" (Loud applause.) You are to consider the sin through the stereoscope and perspective of the ages from the day of the crucifixion down to this point, as against not only the essence and elements, but the historic development of Christianity—against providential as well as revealed light and duty—against the natural conscience and pronounced judgment of the world—against the increase of light from a recent long, agitating, powerful discussion on the mighty experiments, in this country as in that—against the slaveholders' own former acknowledgment of its sinfulness, and moral agreement that it should be abolished—against the venerated fathers both of American theology and freedom—Edwards and Hopkins, and Washington and Franklin, and Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison and Jay, having all been united, whatever may have been their other differences, in the condemnation of slavery. Of a truth, no extreme of natural or artificial vice or madness can match the prodigy of a cultivated, refined, civilized community, under the full light of the gospel, setting up that very evil and sin as the consummation of a perfect human society. There is no measuring the gulf of debasement and religious delusion down which these men have laboriously worked themselves, whose piety and statesmanship, under the light of Divine revelation, can defend such morals, deliberately rejecting what God has commanded, and adopting and consecrating what God has forbidden. We cannot be mistaken in the belief that the forces of a national Nemesis, national and providential, are now to be revealed in the rapid misery and ruin of this confederacy of slaveholding, slave breeding and slave trading States. The war is but the beginning of the Divine judgments against them (hear, hear). Nothing has ever appeared on earth so hideous in madness and crime, considering that its impieties are performed in the name of Christ, and its privilege of breeding human stock for the market is vaunted as a commission from the Almighty. There never was in the history of any nation an example of such shamelessness and madness. If there were a lunatic asylum for nations, an inebriates' hospital for drunken empires, there would this staggering carcase of intemperance and profaneness find a place (loud applause). They have now taken as a community the last position of national lunacy in the prosecution of this wickedness that God will permit them to take; and in the delirium of joy at what they consider as a triumph over the fanaticism of freedom, they have set Sansom between the pillars of the house to make sport for them, not knowing that the end is nigh. But it is nigh, even at the door; and we would to God that you in Europe who are now invited to this Dagon's feast, to strike hands anew with this iniquity, may arrive only just in time to see the vast structure fall (applause). Fall it must, but we would rather that by your influence the ruin may be accomplished morally and peacefully, and the deluded worshippers may run away from it in time to save themselves from destruction. The slave Confederacy is wanting in the element that alone can secure prosperity. The beginning of its existence is in dishonesty, rebellion and robbery against the most indulgent, fostering, favoring government the world ever saw; it is the enthronement of high treason, and its claim is that of anarchy and repudiation at will. Its success would be a great example and augury to all governments of law. It is poverty-stricken; its very regiments are armed with stolen muskets, and its citadels are stolen forts; its officers are traitors, and the money for carrying on its operations was a swindle of the United States government. Unless the British government and people encourage them, by entering into a national recognition and treaty, they will speedily perish. If thus encouraged, they will be more confident than ever, and therefore they ask Great Britain to lend them a helping hand. You are asked to strike hands with a community of slave merchants, anxious to obtain the sanction of a single Christian people for this inhuman traffic, averring that their own independent and prosperous existence is dependent on that traffic, that they live by stealing human beings, and that, therefore, you must join with them for their own support. If Cowper, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Burke and Fox could speak to you at this moment, would they not implore you not to sully the brightness of the act in which you emancipated 800,000 souls by to-day striking friendly hands with a people holding four millions and their posterity in the slavery of unmitigated and eternal chattelism, and proclaiming to the world that they are themselves an independent people for that sole purpose—to complete that crime and secure the continuance and the profits of it? Would they not beseech you to withhold your government from any sanction of such wickedness? The commissioners of this legalized piracy will soon be at your doors. They have averred, with an impiety and inhumanity that ought almost to exclude them from your shores, that the people of the South have as good a right to trade in Africans as the people of the North in Maltese Lachasses. You are bound before God to rebuke such insolence. All the tortures, all the atrocities, that Mr. Gladstone once dragged before the House of Commons and denounced in the despotism of Naples, are nothing, though multiplied ten times over, to the miseries inflicted every day upon all the female slaves and slave children of America in this horrid traffic. This is preëminently a mother's and a woman's question (hear, hear). It is a grievance and a cruelty for the women of Christendom to avenge. Let Christian women of Great Britain speak out on this occasion in behalf of their own insulted and tortured sex (applause). Let them remonstrate in the name of Christ and his love against entering into any bond of fellowship with a nation that impiously grounds its separate existence, its very claim of independence, on the assumed right of destroying the family relation, and making merchandise of men and women and children. And let your statesmen, in response to such an appeal, take a copy of the slave code, with the great law of the slaveholding tribunal of justice, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect—and let them hold up that bill with these water marks of cruelty and blood, before the light of heaven to a gazing world (applause), and let all men see and know the grounds on which you refuse any national covenant with such a community of adulterers and thieves (applause). Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law? Dr. Cheever concluded by a warm appeal on behalf of four millions of enslaved, who had great claims on our sympathy and justice.

THE VOICE OF THE MEETING.

Mr. W. DUNCAN said it was impossible to listen to the touching and most impressive address of Dr. Cheever without feeling that the idea of recognition by the government of this country of the Southern States, simply because these States had chosen to erect themselves into a nation, was not for one moment to be thought of (hear, hear). He took it for granted that all who had heard the exposition which had now been submitted to them were prepared to go along with him in saying that no recognition of the States by the government of this country should take place which was in opposition to the policy that has, for a course of years, governed this nation in respect to slavery (applause). He concluded by moving the following resolutions:

1. That the avowed object of the secession of the Southern States from the Union being to uphold and perpetuate slavery in its most unmitigated form, places these States in a position unexampled in the history of nations.

2. That, in the opinion of this meeting, no recognition of the Southern States by the government of this country which may be in opposition to the policy that has heretofore governed the counsels of this nation in relation to slavery and the slave trade ought to take place; and that no considerations of commercial advantage should induce the government to reverse that policy.

3. That it is the earnest hope and expectation of this meeting that the separation of the Southern States from the Northern will be overruled for the speedy overthrow and complete extinction of slavery; and that a memorial founded on these resolutions be prepared, signed by the Chairman in name of the meeting, and presented to government.

Mr. THOMAS KNOX, in seconding the resolutions, said he felt very strongly on this idea that England should be expected to take any interest in the Southern Confederacy, or to recognize this infernal system now proposed to be perpetuated through the Southern States (cheers). It was an extraordinary thing that at this time of day, any such Confederacy should attempt to live by perpetuating those horrors which Dr. Cheever had enumerated—sleuth-hounds, auction-blocks, torture, and all the other monstrosities which could not be named in an assembly like this. No sooner did a man attempt to be the missionary of the great doctrine of human brotherhood than all they had for him was a gallows to strangle out of him the very dawnings of true liberty (cheers). Seeing that this was the kind of Confederacy that sought association with England, he hoped that the spirit of these resolutions would be emphatically carried out, and that the nation would follow the advice of Lord John Russell, who was reported to have said, "We are out of it, and for God's sake let us keep out of it" (loud applause).

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE IN FRANCE.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

PARIS, Tuesday, May 7, 1861.

THE invitation of Jeff. Davis to the privateering fraternity in general, has about severed the last link in the already fragile chain of sympathy which existed between the great States of Europe and the new Confederacy. Before the publication of this piratical proclamation, a vote in the British House of Commons on the question of recognition of the Southern Confederacy would have secured a respectable minority; it cannot now muster a dozen votes. The energy which the Federal government displays, now that the issue of war has been forced upon it, has also had its effect in producing a change in the sentiment of public men, for they now see that there is a government at Washington, and a government which intends to make itself respected. The change in France among public men is quite as remarkable as in England, and the sympathizers with Jeff. Davis's pretended government are reduced to a corporal's guard. Were it not for the creole influence, we would hear absolutely no voice in favor of the South; but the Louisiana families who live or have connections here are quite numerous, and, naturally enough, go with the South. Fortunately, they have no influence with the government or with public men, but they manage, notwithstanding, to make a certain amount of noise through the public journals, by means of certain gentlemen in their ranks who happen to hold places in the press. Thus M. Gaillardet, one of the editors of *La Presse*, who married in New Orleans and who has material interests there, now takes sides with the Southern Confederacy, although he formerly reproached the American Republic for its damning sin of slavery. Fortunately, M. Gaillardet stands alone in his pro-slavery tendencies on the *Presse*, and lately the other writers of the paper have shown a decided sympathy for the North. We think we perceive also a modification lately in the tone even of M. Gaillardet's articles.

Another of these creole writers is M. Granier de Cassagnac, chief editor of the *Pays*, who supports slavery openly. An effort has been made lately, by Southern gentlemen, to start a paper here under the direction of this gentleman, in support of their cause; but in view of the present tightness of the money market, with most Southern gentlemen, we presume it will be safe to predict that the new paper is to remain in the condition of an unachieved project. Another creole writer, M. Gaulhiac, a Louisianian by birth, leans to the Southern side of the question in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*. Then there are several gentlemen of ability and wealth, from New Orleans, residing here, who are very active in trying to shape public opinion. In all this there is a little of the old classic hatred to the Anglo-Saxon race, for, while the Southern States contain all the elements of the Latin race in America, the Northern States are regarded as exclusively descended from the British isles.

But we have warm friends here also in the press, and among these M. Malspine, of the *Opinione Nationale*, is entitled to the first rank. This gentleman lived some time in the United States, and is decidedly the best informed writer in the French press on American affairs. He has espoused the cause of humanity and order and justice in America with such ardor and ability as to provoke from the American residents here piles of letters of thanks, and with what is still more substantial, with numerous subscriptions to his paper. This paper is the organ of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, and fights the battles of liberty and human progress everywhere. M. Chanut, a gentleman who has lived in the United States, and who has a son there in the engineer corps, also defends the cause of the Union in the pages of the *Revue Contemporaine*, a Bonapartist monthly. The *Siécle* defends the North *à outrance*; so does the satirical *Charivari*.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

LONDON, Monday, May 11, 1861.

WE have here in London two hostile American camps; the Union party, represented by the London *American*, and the Confederate State party, to be represented by a paper about to be started under some such name as the *Confederate Republican*, the *Confederate Union*, or the *Confederate Herald*. I am told, on what must be considered good authority, that everything is in train for the Southern organ making its *début* in a week or two, under the editorship in chief of Mr. Dudley Mann. His assumption of the editorship is likely, because, if the London *American* ever goes to the wall, it will be in consequence of, not having a proper editor. Almost every American adventurer, now in London, has had more or less to do with the editing of *The American*, and as too many cooks always spoil the broth, it has not yet made its mark, and is comparatively unknown. There was no one, besides, connected with it who could foresee what was coming; and holding a dangerous half-and-half middle course, it has pleased nobody, and disgusted a great number of its best suppporters and warmest friends. Of course the time for indecision is now past, and the London *American* does its best against the Secessionists, and is a thorn in the side of those living here with Southern sympathies.

Under the auspices of the Southern Embassy and the pen of Mr. Mann, London Southerners look forward to the new organ being a great commercial and political success. It is to disseminate information regarding the border and cotton States, and to make common cause with England for the extension of the policy of free trade. Slavery is to be gilded over by the promise that so soon as the connection with the "bloody North" is severed, slavery will soon die out, and in much the same way as it is said to have died out in the original States. Southerners will have to choose between negroes and speculations which will pay better, and so on. I go into this detail that you may know what the Southern platform is here in England. Commercially it is supposed, and I believe wrongly, that the paper will command a great sale in the manufacturing districts. Every man interested in cotton, and who desires to buy grain, and beef and pork, cheaper in New Orleans than in New York, is expected to advertise and subscribe, and introduce the paper among his friends. Speaking from some experience of newspapers, I say unhesitatingly, that neither of these results will be realized. In nothing are Englishmen so shy as in supporting new newspapers, and this Mr. Mann and his friends will by and by find out, if they unwisely make a trial.

As you are aware, we have at the moment two Southern steamboat schemes before the public. One between Liverpool and New Orleans, and the other between Liverpool and Charleston. So far as I can learn, the promoters of these two schemes are the promoters also of the Southern newspaper, and if the newspaper fares no better than the steamboats, it will be some time yet before the trade of Illinois is permanently diverted down the Mississippi in the winter time while the Erie Canal is frozen. I am told that not a single share in either of the steamboat schemes has yet been sold, that not a single inquiry has been made regarding them. So far they are a total failure.

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

From The London News, May 10.

It remains to be seen what effect will be produced upon the Secessionists by their discovery that the North can and will fight. Hitherto they have simply and sincerely believed that in warfare the game would be their own. They have throughout assumed, without misgiving, that the Northern men have not pluck, or endurance, or martial spirit, or any soul of antagonism in them. If this appears too absurd for belief, let it be remembered that the Secessionists are not let it be remembered that the Secessionists are not without warrant for a part of their assumption, and that their own position accounts for the rest. We must remember the political submissiveness of the free States for a long course of years—a submissiveness which the South has only erred in ascribing to the wrong sort of cowardice. We must remember, too, that the Southern people have all their lives seen work done only by slaves, so that they naturally conceive that all who work are slavish. Any miserable fellow who earns his bread by toil in their region is lower in their eyes than the negroes, and he is usually as degraded in fact as he appears to them. Their notion is that the North is peopled with degraded white workers like these; and they have never formed the conception of bands of citizens like the fishermen of Marblehead, and the Quarrymen of Quincy, and the farmers of New York—men of valor and patriotism, who leave their boats on the shore, and the pick in the rock, and the plough in the field, to save the Republic from receiving any harm. A little time will show what the Secessionists think of the unexpected enemy they have chosen to bring down upon themselves. The Northern men ought, at the same time, to feel that this war is their retribution for political unfaithfulness. They have chosen to be ill-represented in the government; to be repressed by their own leaders; to submit to the disgrace of political subserviency; and to postpone their popular government to the aristocratic assumptions of a section of the Union which has never been really republican. They are now undergoing the retribution of their sin. We cannot join in any exclamation about the unexpected and astonishing character of the convulsion; for, as Lord Palmerston says, any one with common foresight must have expected it. Nor can we join in any cry about the horribleness and incredible dreadfulness of the issue of this long controversy. We sympathize rather with the solemn joy of the free States, who feel, even at this hour of crisis, that there is something more precious to a self-ruling people than "blood and treasure." We congratulate them on having at last thrown off their burden of iniquity, and found themselves free to assert their old liberties, and recover the esteem of the best part of the world. They will show us now, at last, what popular self-government is. The crisis brings out its virtue in fostering love of country, and a capacity for self-sacrifice and union of heart and hand on great occasions. These men have a country and a polity which they can fight and die for. The time past, in which a miserable vice in their polity demoralized and disheartened them, will be a lesson for the future; and this season of retribution and emancipation once over, they may start afresh, and show the world what popular government may be and do, when freed from the curse of complicity with the grossest tyranny which man can exercise over man.

WILL GREAT BRITAIN RECOGNIZE THE SLAVE CONFEDERACY?

A SEASONABLE WORD FROM DR. CHEEVER.

To the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society.

3 ST. COLME STREET, EDINBURGH,
April 13th, 1861.

I AM deeply impressed just now with the greatness and solemnity of the present juncture for the people of Great Britain in regard to slavery, in consequence of the demand of the new slave trading Confederacy to be recognized as a nation by the British government.

It has already been moved in the House of Commons, or notice of such a motion has been given, that they be so recognized. If they should, it would be a dreadful triumph of the Slave Power, and a measure fatal to the moral influence of Great Britain against slavery. It would, in fact, be a blow struck by Great Britain against the whole African race, and in favor of the perpetuity of slavery. It would be a contradiction of all the past policy and persevering action of Britain against slavery and the slave trade, and a public national sanction of the traffic in human beings; for it is on that traffic that this new Confederacy avowedly stakes its existence and its claims to be admitted into the family of nations. It sets the righteousness of that traffic as its chief corner-stone, and declares its determination to pursue it as being the one business on which it bases its prosperity, and for the sake of the uninterrupted pursuit of which it has broken away from the government of the United States and set up a government of its own. Its vital organic law of national life is a business which England has branded in its foreign form as piracy, and the only difference between its foreign form and the domestic traffic, so called, is that the latter is exasperated in its guilt, accumulated and perpetually accumulating in the number of its victims, the cause of tenfold

carry on that traffic unimpeded and with sufficient security and profit.

Thirdly, It is their avowed intention to *reopen or legalize the African slave trade*, which the United States, as well as Great Britain, treat as piracy, and to prevent which, our government is at a great annual cost in maintaining a squadron on the African coast.

Such being the case, can our government consistently recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy? Would not entering into treaty or friendly alliance with it be an acknowledgment of its *right to pursue the trade in human beings as property*, a *positive sanction of slavery*, involving an unquestionable complicity with a guilty traffic which we willingly paid twenty millions to wash our own hands of?

Much might be said on this important subject, which will in a few days be brought before Parliament for consideration and decision. All we would say in conclusion is, that should our government, after all, be induced to enter into an unconditional treaty with the newly formed slaveholding confederacy, *erected* (be it remembered) *for the sole purpose of perpetuating and extending slavery*—it will be throwing away all its past efforts for the abolition of this traffic in human beings. It may then, indeed, at once withdraw its squadron from the coast of Africa. Then, too, may we forever erase from remembrance the determination of our fathers, which was recorded for them by the poet in these memorable lines:

"Thus spake Britannia, empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!'"

because such words will be no longer the record of a fact, but fiction indeed!

We hope for better things. "England expects every man to do his duty." And—what is more than this—God also has for us all an individual duty to perform. Be our influence, therefore, great or small, let none of us be found wanting at this important crisis.

WILSON ARMISTEAD,
Hon. Sec. Leeds Anti-Slavery Association.

Leeds, 4th mo., 25, 1861.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DISINTEGRATION AND REORGANIZATION OF PARTIES.

AFTER the peace of 1815, which rounded the war of 1812, waged by the slaveholders against New England under the name of Old England, there was a time when the old parties which had divided the country since its birth agreed to lay down the civil sword which they had wielded against each other, and a new era was announced. It was the "Era of Good Feeling," as Mr. Monroe christened it. But it was only an Age of Pinchbeck, not of Gold. It was a Brummagem Millennium, after all; for though the Federal lamb lay down by the Democratic lion, it was the little black child, Slavery, that led them whither it would. From that time the parties have been more distinctly North and South than in the earlier days of the nation; though, from the beginning, the slaveholders had governed the country by the help of what John Randolph called the White Slaves of the North, wheedled by the name of Democracy and a share of public plunder to strengthen the oligarchy which rested upon its ownership of the Black Slaves of the South. Especially since the modern anti-slavery movement was set on foot by Garrison, thirty years ago, has this element of sectionalism developed itself more and more, until it has resulted in the election of a President by vote of the united free States against that of the united slave States. The which is the occasion, or rather the pretext, of the present rebellion.

A new era in the history of American parties must needs date from this time. Not exactly an Era of Solid Feeling, perhaps; but one of better principles and, we may hope, of more honorable actions. The old Hunker parties, as we must be excused for calling the Democratic and Bell and Everett parties, are of necessity dead. The first cannon aimed at Fort Sumter killed them, if it did not anybody else. The essence of their life consisted in their nationality, as they called it, or their common cause with the slaveholding States. They both, like so many Siamese twins, had their fellows in the South, whose existence was tied to theirs by an indissoluble ligament. But if it might not be loosened, it could be cut. That is precisely what has been done, and they are not yet recovered from their astonishment to find that they are yet alive, and more alive than ever they were before. It is not in the nature of things that this bond should ever be as it was before, even if some political Sawbones should undertake to botch it together again. Both Northern parties now see that there never was any real union between them and the Southern portion of themselves. They see not merely that faith has been broken with them, now; but that it was never meant to be kept. The Democrats, with success within their grasp and their authentic hold on the public chest ready to be confirmed anew, find their party deliberately broken up at Charleston, for the distinct purpose of occasioning its defeat, in order that the success of the Republicans, thus secured, might be made the pretext of breaking up the government. The Bell and Everett men now know just what the Union professions of their Southern partisans are worth and why they made them. They have been cheated just as Mr. Webster was, nine years ago the twenty-first of this month. Mr. Bell, Mr. Rives, Mr. Graham, and the whole list of their trusty compeers, are now rampant enemies of the Union and all that it inherits. They have not only lost the game—they have been cheated at play by their own partners, and the loss of the stake is embittered by the sense of falsehood and of insult.

We do not see how these parties ever can be resuscitated. There is no galvanic battery powerful enough to produce more than some convulsive twitches in that direction—such as instinctively made Gen. Butler's arm snatch at a negro, the moment there was one within his reach—the fulness of life they can never enjoy again. The separate particles of those bodies politic will not be annihilated; but they will form new combinations and live again in new shapes. These new combinations must needs be made with the particles now making up the Republican party. Indeed, they are already beginning to seek each other out. In the District in Massachusetts, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Adams, the process has begun. A party of Bell and Everett men and Democrats, having first lubricated a quantity of simple-minded Republicans so as to make it an easy thing to swallow them whole, have been obliging enough to take the nomination out of the hands of the Republican party, and so save them the trouble of designating Mr. Adams's successor. It is very true that their choice fell upon a Republican and a man of the highest qualifications for the post; but the impertinence of the interference of the minority in thus undertaking to dictate to the majority in the premises was none the less on that account. And what has been begun in Mr. Adams's District will be carried on in other Districts, and carried into all the primary arrangements of elections; and the result will be a complete reorganization of parties. Ambitious Democrats and Bell and Everett men will not consent to accept political death as their doom without a struggle, and the result of that struggle will be a yielding on the part of the Republicans and a new modification of the present political organizations. In fact, the greater energy and the lesser scrupulousness of these pretenders to a share of the Republican throne will, most probably, end in their getting the biggest half of it, and very possibly in their ousting their colleagues entirely from it.

Now, we wish it to be understood that we make no objection to this recasting of the old parties. In the first place, it is none of our business, as we belong to none of them. And, secondly, if it were, we could not help ourselves, as it is a necessary logical consequence of the present state of affairs. And then the other parties are entitled to a voice in the direction of affairs. Had it not been for the unanimity with which the minority parties came to the support of the Administration party, the government at Washington would have been in a sorry plight, indeed. The President has shown his sense of this in his military appointments, and his party must follow his example in their political ones. And we are far from regarding this inevitable necessity as a misfortune. Quite otherwise. The Republican party need an infusion of stronger blood into their veins. They are not strong enough for the place they have won. They suffer under spinal weakness to a melancholy degree. Their adversaries have backbones as stiff as crocodiles. The difference between the two sets of men is just this. The Republicans have principles and no pluck; their adversaries, pluck and no principles. While the first are deliberating and hesitating as to the precise legality and constitutionality of the things they would like to do, the last just go forward and do what they see fit, without regard to law or Constitution. In Massachusetts, for instance, where the Republican party is perhaps in its greatest strength and purity, they were beating their brains all last winter how to spoil their Personal Liberty law—which they succeeded in doing—and how to avoid the painful necessity of protecting freedom of speech against violence—in which their efforts were equally crowned with success. Their opponents, on the other hand, simply went forward and did their pleasure, with the help of the Mayor of Boston, and broke up the meeting which was an offence unto their righteous souls. While the Governor could not find law to do what his party wished to be done in defence of liberty, the Mayor proceeded to do the pleasure of his party, in open violation of law, to destroy it. Indeed, it was believed that the Republican Governor used his influence to prevent the enlargement of his prerogative by law, lest he might be called upon to use it for the protection of lawful assemblies against unlawful violence!

Now, with all due personal respect for Gov. Andrew, and with an entire conviction that he is faithful to the full measure of his strength, we would rather have Mayor Wightman than ten of him, when the slavery question comes up for adjustment at the end of this war. That question is not to be settled by hair-splitting and nice legal technicalities. If the "weight" (as they say in Quaker meetings) of the nation be resolved that slavery shall be put out of the way of the prosperity of the nation, it will be done, through the Constitution or over the Constitution. When "the property and standing" of the North, that have been ruined, impoverished, mocked and cheated by the slaveholders, are determined that they will be so no more, and that slavery shall either come to an end at once, or be shut up in the cotton States to die by inches, they will do what they have resolved upon, and that without any very nice legal analysis of their constitutional right to do so. They have sustained slavery thus far, because they thought it for their private advantage. When they see it to be necessary, not merely for their advantage but for their existence, that it shall come to an end, they will smite it and spare not. Now, we do not believe that the Republicans, of themselves, or at all, unless held up on either side by their more robust opponents, would be equal to a work of this kind. Yet this is a work that is to be done, and perhaps quickly. Therefore, we do not think that the union of Hunkerism with Republicanism is like to damage the political anti-slavery strength of the North, but, contrariwise, to give it force and energy. We shall not, therefore, forbid the banns.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate, a Methodist paper, having spoken in terms of severe disparagement of Dr. Cheever, *The Northern Independent*, the exponent of the earnest anti-slavery party in the Methodist Church, thus responds:

"We cannot divine the motive which actuates our cotemporary. There are mean, dirty papers enough to bay upon the track of Dr. Cheever, without enlisting the aid of *The Northwestern*. That gentleman, whom it is the fashion of the shilly-shallys over the land to despise, has done more for the anti-slavery cause, by his invincible logic, than all his opposers put together, and infinitely more than it is possible for them to do, for God has not given them power to wield the weapons of this modern Ajax. Dr. Cheever is a peerless, incorruptible man, raised up for a great work, and a work which he will execute, despite the clamors of the Lilliputian pack that are trying to hunt him down. Let Europe help him if it will. This country had to seek aid there in the struggle of '76; and it is not strange that a minister, thus pressed with a great controversy, should need foreign assistance. The hope expressed, that Dr Cheever will not be regarded as one of our representative men, is destined to disappointment. The burning, scathing eloquence of this ablest champion against slavery chimes in admirably with the tread of advancing armies. Cheever knows his day, and the things that make for peace; it would be well if all others knew as much.

"Why a man who, to say the least, has never been a great worker in the anti-slavery cause, should stab the acknowledged leader of that cause, is to us a mystery, unless we are to assume the existence of a concealed enmity to the cause itself. But apart from his anti-slavery labors, the Doctor is one of the noblest of our great men. We have none truer, none better. In one respect, however, we grant that Dr. Cheever is not a representative man—he does not represent the doughfaces of the American press or pulpit. But in everything worthy of the age, in every right thing, this country could not send a truer representative to Europe than the pastor of the Church of the Puritans."

It was, we presume, the action of the "Ex-Parte Council" that moved the Methodist paper at Chicago to assail Dr. Cheever at this time. Nearly all the dogs of the ecclesiastical pack have taken occasion, from the proceedings of that partisan conclave, to growl out their hostility to him. *The New York Observer*, of course, eagerly copies from *The Independent* the "bull" of the little popes who so meanly assailed him in his absence.

Meanwhile, Dr. Cheever is diligently laboring in Great Britain to arouse a public sentiment that shall interpose an insurmountable barrier to the recognition of the slaveholding Confederacy by the British government. The spirit and earnestness of his efforts are exhibited on the first page.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.—Gerrit Smith closes a letter to the Secretary of the American Peace Society, on the subject of the present war, in these hopeful terms:

"Thoughtful and good men are sad in view of the present condition of our beloved country. But let them rejoice in its glorious future. The war will be short. It will establish government beyond all hope of present or future traitors to overthrow it. It will free the slave; and then the North and the South, freed forever from the only cause of their mutual alienation, will grow up together into that 'more perfect union' for which the Fathers ordained the Constitution, and into a nation as much surpassing every other in the work of men as it surpasses them in the gifts of God: as much surpassing every other in human development as in Providential opportunities for it. Of all this I feel thoroughly and constantly persuaded, save only when I read that our troops are sending back fugitive slaves to their murderous masters, or are threatening to take part with those murderous masters in servile insurrections. These things make me tremble with the apprehension that the North may possibly be left to sanction and sustain such devilism. For if she is, what better will she be than the South? or what better right will she have to hope for the blessing of Heaven? But in the present contest the North will not go against the slave. If she has not virtue enough to go for him, she will, at the least, be driven to his side by her anger toward his traitorous master."

THEODORE TILTON, of the editorial staff of *The Independent*, delivered a discourse at the Church of the Puritans, on Sunday evening last, upon "The War, in its Relations to Slavery." The house was filled to its utmost capacity, the aisles and the vestibule included. The throng reminded us of occasions when the people rushed to the same place to hear Dr. Cheever. Mr. Tilton's discourse evinced a thorough appreciation of the great events now passing in this country, as well as of the moral principles and Providential forces underlying and controlling them. He endeavored to inspire in his hearers a faith that the war must, in one way or another, undermine the foundations of slavery, and give liberty to its outraged victims. The address abounded in striking thoughts and pertinent illustrations, and was warmly applauded throughout.

LETTER FROM MRS. GRIFFING.

A WORD FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONCORD, N. H., May 25, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ENCLOSED is an extract of a private letter from Mrs. Griffing, giving some account of the tone of public sentiment in Indiana, where she has labored extensively in the anti-slavery cause, during the past year. We have no more faithful, and but few more able helpers in our great work, than Mrs. Griffing. Whether in forensic debate, or appeals to the conscience and heart, whether in pathos and tenderness, or invective, satire, and irony, she always holds perfect command of herself, and generally of her entire audience, and wields all her weapons with consummate taste and skill, and, of course, with immense power; just one of those persons who are an honor and ornament, as well as power, to whatever enterprise they lend their hand and heart.

Your last announced the suspension, temporary or final, of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*. It was sad to see it go down; but there rests no shadow over its memory, no stain on its character. Mounting into the very empyrean of the highest and holiest at its advent, it shone ever bright and clear; true to its own motto, "No union with slaveholders"—its sunrise song, its last evening vesper. Nor shall the echoes of that divine sentiment soon die away, but, vibrating in the breezes that sweep forever the vast valley from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, while slavery lasts, the cry shall still be heard on plain and prairie, "No union with slaveholders!" Annulled forevermore be your covenants with death, your agreements with hell!

Slow enough moves the government in the direful work of war, and yet, perhaps, fast enough, too. I do not complain that the movements are slow. That is, probably, inevitable. But my grief is that the march is not yet in the right direction. The country is not yet half awake. We Abolitionists have been exhorted to "Stand still and see the salvation of God." That sort of salvation never comes by "standing still," never. "Stand still," and you shall see only the *stagnation* of God. A mistaken Moses spoke those words, but the answering Almighty thundered forth, "*Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.*" The North proudly persists in its oppressions of the only people who really have a right or cause to fight in this war. Not a slave is to be rescued, not one fugitive sheltered, not one free colored man permitted to go up to the battle. Even Massachusetts, through her Legislature, while her sons are dying by bullets, by brickbats, and by bludgeons, as well as *strychnine*, in Maryland, spurns the whole colored race from her presence, when they humbly ask leave to go and die in the cause of liberty for their enslaved brethren.

What can a war, waged by such men, on such principles, achieve towards the "salvation of God"? Has the North no sins to expiate or to suffer for, towards the slaves and their race, and their friends? Mobbings of the Abolitionists, burning, blasting "prejudice against color," returning of countless fugitives to bondage, and pledges to return myriads more (if the Union can be restored), and slavery perpetuated forever by Northern consent and Northern cooperation, are all these to be reckoned for righteousness in the court of God's eternal justice? Let every Northern boaster think of these things. Hath not God a controversy with us also?

PARKER PILLSBURY.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. GRIFFING'S LETTER.

I have not written *The Liberator* during last month, because, unless my letter could be printed the day it was written, it would not be true. The changes in the opinion of the people, *for* the war and *against* the war—for admitting a Southern Confederacy, and for crushing it out—for continuing the Union and compromises, and for letting it all go to the winds—have been very much like the government dispatches, that call for eighty thousand troops to day, and to-morrow declare they have too many already.

But the people have made a decided improvement within a month, since they have determined to fight, and have been trying to fix upon what they were to fight for. The leading Republicans, such as you so mortally offended, sometimes, by calling them *dishonest* in their support of a pro-slavery Administration, are leading on to the higher ground of *fighting to abolish slavery*. They tried fighting for the laws and the Constitution a few days, and found that was not tangible ground. The enemies were too often all down upon them. In this wholesale slaughter of *men*, the *wives* and *mothers* will have something more substantial to "*hitch to*" than mere dogmas and dreams. * * * * And, in some places, the women were upon the point of remonstrating against it, in a memorial to the government. They were terribly in earnest, and there were as sure signs of war in-doors as out. They talked in earnest, in one town, of filling the court-house with women, and expressing their dissent from their husbands and fathers, and making a direct appeal to the sympathy and sense of justice of the community to refuse to sanction such a barbarous thing as the sacrifice of the best blood of the nation to despotism. Now, either these leading men of the Union have added to their faith justice and liberty, or they see the necessity of gilding their deeds of selfishness that they may escape the just retribution of an injured class at their own hearth-stones. From some cause (I like to think a good one), they are declaring, if not *against* the Constitution, at least that it is unworthy the notice of the people, who have a work of their *own* to do, *outside* and perhaps a little undermining the Constitution. Merchants here are in complete rapport over Mr. Phillips's speech, and are hissing the Boston journals as unworthy of support that suppressed the "*people's thought*," as they call it. For a week before it reached here, they had ceased talking menacingly of a constitutional war, and were holding most enthusiastic meetings in the name of *the people*. And now, the Weed and Seward Republicans here are clamoring for *the right of the slaves to freedom*, and are throwing us Abolitionists all into the shade; and within the last week, towns have been placarded with "Death to Traitors," and *contumely* upon all who will not fight for——then merchants and lawyers utter the parenthesis, "*for the liberation of the slave!*" "That's it," say the people; and then the women cry, "Amen!" My head has been swimming for several days; I feel that this war, as well as the cause, is *all wrong*. Mr. Seward said, "When we can't lead we must follow!"; but it requires hard tugging for me to launch out, and say it was *magnanimous* in the North to yield the anti-slavery sentiment of fifty years ago to sustain a government; and concede away justice, and legislate honesty a crime, that they might pocket the hangman's revenue; and now, when not one in fifty in the battle-field doesn't hate the negro and his friends worse than he hates h-ll, pronounce it an *advance* in education, and call upon the people, one and all, to suck in, not "the milk of human kindness," but the blood of their brother. *I can't relish it.* May be it's use may make it palatable.

I don't know but I shall go into the army as Bandager-General. I have the recommendation of some skilful surgeons. But I shall go protesting at every step against the wicked measures of this government, that has made such a war a necessity. I can't lay all this to the South. It may have been constitutional action in the North, but that is no excuse. Slavery had better have been abolished peacefully out of the Constitution, than by a wholesale butchery, as now threatens. Slavery could not have lived without the aid of the North, *as is now proved.* It is grand *statesmanship*, that of Mr. Phillips; I am not quite as certain about *the morals.* Perhaps in a week or two I shall get over my squeamishness, and see differently.

Isn't it grand to see the question of *human rights* taking a "rough and tumble" in the hands of the people! My last meetings brought out the most direct discussion of rights and duties, out of which the people came as from a baptism from on high. But they are to-day a step beyond; whether right or wrong, they are "*going to whip the South.*" And as they *will* fight, I confess to *caring a great deal* which whips, and before I write you again I may reach the audacity to say, "My country, right or wrong!"

MR. WILLIAM S. BAILEY, the editor of *The Free South*, lately published at Newport, Ky., has gone to England to procure pecuniary assistance. He was welcomed at a special meeting of the Committee and friends of the Newcastle and Gateshead Anti-Slavery Society, before which he gave an interesting account of his experiences as an Abolitionist in Kentucky, and of the persecutions he had suffered in his attempts to maintain there a press in opposition to slavery. He desired to raise the sum of £200, and had procured nearly half the amount at the last advices.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LI.

MAY 6, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

SIR: This is a moment when your friends and the sympathizers in your cause should rush into congratulation, and hasten, as it were, to look your brave band in the face, and grasp your hands; but at such a moment a deep awe comes over us, so that we can scarcely address you. The thirty years of your great struggle rise up before us—the long endurance of indignities and losses, and wounds of the affections, and racking of the patience—so that veneration and rejoicing together stifle speech. During all those long years, you never entertained that animosity against Southern men which is now indulged by fellow-citizens of yours who would not let you speak on behalf of freedom. Our veneration is for those who have never hated their enemies, while enduring interminable hardships for the right, and not for those who, when they can tamper no longer with truth and right, rush into passion against the Southern men whom they have humored and spoiled, and seem to have no apology to make to their own near neighbors, whose virtue, if honored in time, would have saved the North from insult, and the whole country from civil war. We rejoice heartily with and for all who are roused by any means to emotions of patriotism, and to the love of a freedom which may even extend to the negroes; but our homage is for such citizens as have defended liberty when there was no sympathy abroad, and have not waited for an overwhelming crisis to take the side of the right. All honor to wealthy merchants who now give to the State their ships, and their commodities, and their tens of thousands of dollars! All honor to every citizen who gives whatever he has, from his money to his sons, or his own life! But it will be everlastingly remembered that there were some who, for thirty years before, had been sacrificing, not only their fortunes, but their good name and fame, their social position, their children's prospects, their peace of mind and ease of life, without a cheer from street or platform—without a "God speed" from friend or neighbor—meeting, indeed, only words of contempt and countenances of menace on account of those very sacrifices. When we read now of admiring crowds attending newly-converted citizens, we think of the mobs which showered insults upon you, and threatened your lives. When we read of the sudden spirit of brotherhood which has sprung up among men of all views and parties, we rejoice in it; but we cannot help wishing there had been some of this fraternal spirit ready a little sooner, to cheer and animate the Abolitionists, whose merits might easily have been discerned before present events came to prove it. You were strong enough, however, to do without the honor which was your due, and the sympathy required by all the principles that Americans profess. And now that your trial of adversity is over, you will, through your long training in self-discipline, keep the lead in moderation which you have always had in zeal and moral discernment. You will no more be carried away by passion now than you were repressed before by fear. You will be the sages and counsellors of society now, as you were the apostles before, in a period of corruption and guilty apathy.

Here, as probably with you, everybody is asking everybody else—"How will it end?" I suppose nobody is qualified to do more than conjecture. If it is really the case, as some things indicate, that the Southerners imagine that Northern men cannot fight or stand fight, the struggle will probably be a short one. Any people who are under such a delusion as that must have made irrational computations altogether; and we should expect their cause to collapse if their chances were otherwise as good as those of the North. But we cannot see how they can sustain themselves for a conflict of any duration. They have had longer preparation; they are not burdened with scruples about taking what they want wherever they can get it; and they seem to understand organization and the practice of statesmanship better than their opponents. But, under a deficiency of men, money, credit and character, these advantages can only give a start at the outset, and it seems inconceivable that the war can be a long one. Short, but terribly sharp, we suppose it will be.

You will not wonder at the expressions of horror which must be reaching you from this side. Except the few persons who have followed the history of your cause, all have regarded the American nation as a family of brethren, cherishing a common (and somewhat overweening) family pride, and banded together to challenge the world's admiration. It has been the study of your Legations in London (and I dare say everywhere else) to promote this view, and to conceal all troubles and dissensions. Hence the absurd hopes of reconciliation expressed up to the last moment; and hence the horror caused by the animosity was so fearfully published to the world. The interest of the subject now almost excludes every other. There are events occurring in Austria, in Poland, in Italy, in India, and elsewhere, any one of which would fill all minds in ordinary times; but these are all eclipsed by the terrible interest of the civil war in America; and, in the intervals of looking out for ships and news, our people are learning more of American affairs than for a generation before. At such a time, what is said by sensible Americans from the free States is eagerly attended to. It is with great satisfaction that we hear from them, in print and in private, that Congress, when it meets on the 4th of July, will not lose an hour in repealing the Morrill tariff. Of its speedy repeal there never has been any doubt on this side, both because it cannot work, and because a republican society, brought back to its principles as yours now is, will not long submit to a class legislation which the old countries of Europe, with all their antique training and feudal prejudices, can no longer tolerate. They inherited a polity formed before the great natural laws of society were understood, or known to exist. A protective trade policy was natural to them: and, once instituted, it had, in the force of habit, a great advantage against the new lights of science; and especially where class legislation existed in other departments. But the mistake is now nearly outgrown, in countries where there is no republican pretension of equal justice to all citizens. In England, the reform took less than a generation to effect; and not one penny of protective duty remains. The blessed effects of a perfectly free trade have shown themselves so rapidly and clearly, in the general welfare, and especially in the prosperity of the working classes, and also of the interests which formerly clung to protection, that France, the very paradise of protectionists, is following as fast as she can. Her peasantry—among the poorest and most degraded in Europe—will soon look up from their abasement now. The profits of agriculture in France have hitherto been only 3 per cent. Now that the sliding scale of the corn trade is abolished, and the trade nearly thrown open, we shall soon see agricultural arts and profits advancing as they have done with us, and the peasant rising in the social scale as ours has risen; not so fast, because he lives under a despotism; but surely, because released from the burden of protection, which can never be reimposed. In countries like the United States, where society professes to set out from an advanced point of freedom and knowledge, there is no excuse for class legislation, by which commerce and the whole number of consumers are injured for the supposed benefit of this or that class of producers. While we have been extricating ourselves from the natural mistakes of remote generations, you, of the free States, have been plunging into them, with such violence and extravagance as to preclude the notion of the fault being one of simple ignorance. Much ignorance there must be among the constituencies, if they allow such a violation of the commonest principles of justice; but the parties concerned could not all have been unaware of either the aristocratic principle or the ruinous tendencies of a protective policy. We may hope that, among other good effects of this war, in bringing the citizens from all parts better acquainted, a fuller understanding on this matter may arise. As the citizen soldiers talk for long hours over their camp fires, let us hope that the topics of the rights of industry and the true principles of taxation may come up, in practical shape, so that the commerce of the republic may have fair play, and the honest workers may become too clear-sighted to allow certain orders of manufacturers to help themselves to a large per centage of every man's earnings. Meantime, your countrymen here express their undoubting confidence that the vicious new tariff will be repealed in a few weeks from this time. It nearly concerns the political repute of your republic, and its social credit, especially at a time like this, that it should not adopt a proved injustice, and emulate the sins of the South in oppressing the working man. If it is no practical excuse for slaveholders that they know no better, and have no conception of any other system, much less will it be taken as a justification of the North that it is ignorant of the vice and folly of the protective system. It ought not to be ignorant of what has long been so widely exposed and so thoroughly proved. That the first act of the Republican party should have been to enact such a tariff as this, could not but shake the general confidence in either its ability or its virtue, to an extent which it will take some time to repair. Happily, however, the evil is reparable, and, at present, easily so. You will probably choose to buy your experience by keeping up more or less of protection for some time to come. If so, we wish you well through it, and hope the trial will not go too far before you permit yourselves the unlimited blessings of free trade. The old nations in Europe are renewing their youth under it; and we trust you will keep yours by the same means.

How these times carry one back to thirty years ago, when your ultimate prospect began to open on one's eyes! I wonder whether an old friend of mine in New England—one of the most eminent women in your country—remembers what passed in a walk we had, in a sweet valley, in the spring of 1836. She had been mourning over the mischief done by the Abolitionists, while abhorring slavery as much, she declared, as any of them. She asked me what I thought would be the end of it—the upshot of this disturbance. When I replied, "The dissolution of the Union," she snatched her arm from mine, and started back as if I had stabbed her. She told me I did not know what the Union was to her people. I told her I did know, I could not but see. It was their idol; and I need not explain the fate of idols. "To put it shortly," said I, "you say that the Union, protecting slavery as it does, is opposed to the will of God. Now, which must give way, that document or the will of God?" I have never since, for an hour, doubted of such an issue as that which we witness. It would be presumptuous to look beyond, when the future fate of the country wholly depends on the degree of wisdom and virtue of the citizens. But, as it does so, surely it is permitted to us to hope all things.

I write on the arrival of the news of the Baltimore attack. The fate of Washington is no doubt by this time decided for the present. There has probably been a battle. Such a state of things makes me feel almost unwilling to trouble you at all; but it is a duty to write; and sympathy never comes amiss. You cannot overrate the strength of ours.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1861.

OUR authorities begin to use somewhat severe language towards the slaveholding conspiracy. At first it was all going to be managed after Seward's oily, graceful style, and the armed rebels were to be *persuaded* into giving up their arms. A Seward manifesto was going to take the place of bullets and cannon-balls. Above all, our public men were very careful to let it be known that we were not to interfere "with the niggers." Oh, no. On the other hand, we would take particular pains to show the South that we were just as ready to turn our guns upon the slaves as upon their masters.

But there is a change. The gentlemen slaveowners do not seem to appreciate this extraordinary courtesy of the Northern magnates. They reply to our offer of putting down insurrection, that they can take care of that matter themselves, and bring up three hundred Indian savages within a dozen miles of the Pennsylvania frontier to give us a taste of savage warfare. Our troops, wherever in the enemy's country, are treated to a guerilla warfare, and Colonel Ellsworth is assassinated by one of the leading Southern rebels. *They* are to make use of every means within their reach to strike at us, and we are to treat them as if they were the gentlest race the sun ever shone upon. This is a little too much, and within a few days our public men have begun to change their conversation on this topic. "Let us pit the slaves against their Indians," is now the cry. "If they offer us assassination, let us give them the negro's vengeance." The South, by her conduct, is teaching our leaders a little wisdom. Nothing will save our government from discomfiture and ruin, but a bold, decided policy. It is now too late to carry on this war in any Miss Nancy-ish style. We must strike at the weak side of the rebels.

Your readers are well aware of the gallant stand made by Blair and other Unionists in Missouri. They actually crushed out the rebellion there—temporarily, at least—by making instant war upon the Secessionists. They did not stop to ask whether to pursue a certain course would or would not enrage the enemy; they charged upon the rebels, and took them. Yet this gallant conduct has not been fully appreciated here, or commended as it should have been by the authorities. Col. Frank Blair, in his appeal to the people of the Eastern States, says:

"Allow me to say that the condition of our men appeals most strongly to the sympathy of the patriotic men of the wealthy North. We have taken up arms for the country, although surrounded by hostile bands, and in the midst of a great and powerful State, whose whole political power has been urging forward measures of hostility to our government for the last six months. The city government was wrested from us this spring because our people had become utterly hopeless of Lincoln's Administration, which appeared to have sunk all desire to protect and defend the government in the struggle for a few pitiful offices. And yet, with the State government and city government against us, our people sprung to arms, and with their bodies protected the public property and saved millions of dollars' worth of guns and munitions of war to the government, which had been stored in the St. Louis Arsenal, and captured the camp of the Secessionists, with 1,200 stand of arms and nine cannon. And yet, up to this time, these men have received nothing from the government except arms and rations; not a shoe or blanket; not a tent, except those taken from the Secessionists; not a cartridge-box or knapsack, or anything in the shape of an equipment. Not a dollar of pay can be drawn by the men until the first two months of service shall have expired. Under these circumstances, we have made an appeal to the liberality of our fellow-citizens of the North, who are in happier circumstances than ourselves, to aid us in purchasing an equipment for our troops, which shall enable us to render more efficient services to the government."

There has been altogether too much of this tender-hearted desire on the part of the government to "hurt nobody," nor injure any one's feelings, in the rebel States. No one asks for a battle till Scott is ready for it, but we all do wish to have an end of the fear of "hurting somebody" down South. The seceded States are full of scoundrels, armed with stolen weapons for a double purpose—first, to strike down the Northern defenders of the flag, and secondly, to keep the slaves down. But we are not, under any circumstances, to avail ourselves of the help of these downtrodden millions! Yet the papers contain a thousand items of which the following is a fair sample:

"A gentleman of this city, engaged in a commercial house, contrived to leave Norfolk, and came up in the steamer. He states that he passed freely through the camp of the Alabama regiment, on the outskirts of the city. At the last roll call 1,167 answered to their names, and they were a fine-looking set of men. Each was armed with a musket, and a heavy bowie-knife secured on the left side to the body-belt. The officers declared that they were tired with a state of inactivity, and longed for a fight. They had determined to use their muskets only for a single round, when, regardless of life, they would draw their knives and disembowel their enemies, or die in the attempt. Captain Gibson, of one of the companies, stated that over one half of his command had made their wills before leaving home."

This is "the style" of rebel warfare, and yet, so great is our love for the bowie-knife gentlemen, that, between battles, we will gladly turn in and help them put down slave insurrections!

The government is, I believe, at last fully convinced of the utter folly of any sickly sentimentalism. We are fighting for freedom, and when we are in the enemy's country, we must and shall offer freedom to every slave who will join us. It will come to this by and by, wherever the battle rages, and it cannot be helped. And let no one suppose that the negroes do not know what all this gigantic commotion is for. Only the other night I heard a colored man here say: "Perhaps you think we don't know what the war is for, but you are mistaken. We know it, and the slaves know it further south, *and they will strike when the time comes.*" There is but one way in which this slaveholding rebellion can be immediately squelched out, and the most of our leading men begin to see this truth. If the government is successful, slavery will go by the board in the extreme Southern States, and this must be the case if we have a long war. The only possibility of our escape from a general insurrection is in an early peace, before the war has progressed into the heart of the South at all.

But, in any event, slavery will receive its death blow from this war. The inherent weakness of the institution will be seen at the South, if its wickedness is overlooked. Without slavery, the seceded States might this day defy the world in arms. With slavery, they are at the mercy of any power on the globe.

Even if we are to have two republics, it is a settled thing that the Southern Confederacy cannot carry out its plans of slavery propagandism and conquest of foreign territory. England will no longer hesitate, with so weak a power, to put an end to filibustering and all schemes of slaveholding aggrandizement.

The government has made a very important advance into Virginia within a few days, and if the Old Dominion is equal to her boasts, it will bring on hostilities at once. *Virginia is invaded by Federal troops.* Now we shall see what she is going to do about it. Massachusetts troops are over on the soil of "my honored State," as Senator Mason always would call it in the Senate. What is better, there is a prospect of heavier blows being struck at the Old Dominion. If it were not for the hot weather, which is almost here, our armies would make Richmond too hot for the rebel Congress next July, and they may do it in spite of the weather. Very soon Ben. Butler will have a job on hand at Norfolk. He is sure to do something to startle the nation erelong, and his Massachusetts boys are not going to show the white feather. The great Southern bubble will soon be pricked. Not that the Southern soldiers will not fight. They *will* fight with desperate courage, I have no doubt; but their idea that the Northern men are a pack of cowards will be very thoroughly used up within the next six months. When Northern courage shall be duly appreciated at the South, slavery will be not far off from final destruction.

AVON.

Chronicles of the War.

THE NORTH-SIDE VIEW.

ADVANCE MOVEMENTS—TROOPS ENTERING VIRGINIA.

GEN. SCOTT has made a very important movement, and one which indicates an earnest purpose to crush out the rebellion at the earliest possible moment. At an early hour on Friday morning, the 24th ult.,—soon after midnight in fact—large bodies of troops began to move across the Potomac, some by water, others by way of the long bridge above Alexandria, and others again over the chain bridge at Georgetown—in all about 13,000 men. On reaching the Virginia side, they were stationed at various points to guard their position, while the Fire Zouaves landed in boats, at 5 a.m., and took possession of Alexandria. The two guns of Sherman's Battery cleared the streets by their single presence, and a troop of 35 Secessionist cavalry, a remnant of the rebel force which fled from the town, was captured, and brought to Washington. The main body of the rebel forces succeeded in getting off in a train of cars at the very moment when the government soldiers were marching into the town. The movement was as successfully executed as it was skilfully planned. Alexandria, Arlington Heights, and the whole line of hills on the Virginia side of the Potomac, above, below, and opposite Washington, are now in the possession of the United States forces, and so thoroughly intrenched as to defy the assaults of the enemy. Col. Wilcox, of the Michigan Regiment, commands at Alexandria, and the place is under martial law. Gen. Sandford, of New York, was first placed in command of the forces at Arlington and neighborhood, but was succeeded by Gen. McDowell. The Arlington estate is owned by Gen. Lee, the commander of the Virginia troops. His house is the headquarters of Gen. McDowell! Gen. Scott has established a line of telegraph from his quarters to those of his subordinates in Alexandria and Arlington. Gen. Sandford was courteous in taking possession of Arlington house. He sent to inquire whether the family of Gen. Lee was there, and to offer a guard if so. When assured that they had left a fortnight ago, he sent to Gen. Lee to say that he would see that the premises received no damage. Twelve or fifteen servants were in the house, with a month's provisions.

Gen. Wilcox, in his proclamation to the people of Alexandria, says: "Private property will be respected and protected by the officers and men of the whole command. Peaceable citizens will be held inviolate in the persons of themselves, their families and servants." Gen. Sandford's proclamation to the people of Fairfax County is couched in similar language.

A movement has also been made upon Virginia from the West, under Gen. McClellan. A considerable force has already crossed the Ohio river and is advancing eastward toward Harper's Ferry. It is probable that not less than 30,000 men will be concentrated in that quarter. A cooperative movement is to be made from Philadelphia on Harper's Ferry, by way of Harrisburg and Chambersburg, under command of Gen. Patterson. It is thought that the rebels at Harper's Ferry, thus menaced by a powerful force from the North and West, and cut off, as they are likely soon to be, from Richmond, will make haste to evacuate.

In the neighborhood of Fort Monroe important movements are evidently about to take place under direction of Gen. Butler, and it is believed that troops which left Washington on Tuesday were destined to attack the battery of the rebels at Acquia Creek, at the terminus of the Richmond, Frederick and Potomac Railroad, in the direct line of communication with Richmond, from which it is

inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose, even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever-loved parents, good-bye; God bless, protect, and care for you. ELMER.

THE BORDER STATES.

Maryland is quiet, and the majority of the people are no doubt loyal; but the traitors in the State, many of them men of wealth and high social position, have not relinquished the hope that their plans may yet succeed. They work in secret, in many instances covering their designs by professions of loyalty. Gen. Cadwallader of Pennsylvania has control of the United States forces there. Chief-Justice Taney, if not in full sympathy with the traitors, is unwittingly doing their work. He is seeking by *habeas corpus* to effect the liberation of a traitor named Merriman, who is in the custody of Gen. Cadwallader. The Washington correspondent of *The Times* says:

"The intention of Judge Taney, in issuing a writ of *habeas corpus* for the prisoner retained by Gen. Cadwallader at Baltimore, is to bring on a collision between the Judicial and the Military Departments of the government, and, if possible, to throw the weight of the judiciary against the United States and in favor of the rebels. He is at heart a rebel himself, for on Saturday, when it was supposed the rebels were attacking the United States forces at Arlington, Judge Taney expressed the wish that 'the Virginians would wade to their waists in Northern blood.' The animus of this exclamation will be apparent to any one; and the fact that Judge Taney, old and infirm as he is, volunteered to go to Baltimore to issue a writ in favor of a rebel, shows the alacrity with which he serves the cause of rebellion."

Western Virginia gave an immense majority against secession at the election last week, and it is the determination of the loyal citizens to maintain their ground. The government will give them all needful assistance. Already large detachments of Ohio troops have crossed the Ohio river, and are moving toward Grafton, at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and Northwestern Railroads, where the rebels have encamped. A collision at that point is deemed inevitable.

Kentucky, with the exception of the six western Counties (where the secession fever is said to dominate even as it does in South Carolina) is declared to be loyal.

In Missouri the Secessionists are completely cowed, and the Governor, though a traitor, has been compelled to give security to Gen. Harney for his good behavior.

THE ALEXANDRIA SLAVE-PRISON.

Abolitionists will remember the "pictorial representation," circulated twenty-five years ago, of the slave-pen in Alexandria, then within the limits of Washington. That "pen" is now the quarters of the Northern troops. It is a large three-story building, with the sign, over the door and windows, of "Price, Burch, & Co., Dealers in Slaves." Says a correspondent of *The Tribune*:

"What would Jeff. Davis and Wigfall say if they knew the slave-marts were thus desecrated? Michigan troops occupied the lower stories. We marched to the third. All the furniture was gone. Hay was brought up and scattered on the floor for bedding, with India-rubber sheets and blankets for covering.

"I went down to take a look at the pens. During the day the boys had discovered that a lone slave was locked up in one of them, and lest he might perish of starvation, the trader having fled, they forced the lock, opened the prison doors, and set the captive free. It is said the ignorant negro declined following his master, but preferred staying with the army.

"In the rear and annexed to the house is a large pen, uncovered, about fifty feet square, with walls over twenty feet high, with a heavy iron door, protected by bolts and locks. From this, another iron door opens into a dungeon under the houses, the diminutive windows guarded with bars. There was no furniture in the pen or dungeon, except bedsteads, beds of straw, and a few dirty blankets. 'Nothing else?' you ask. Yes; three large iron rings fastened in the floor of the dungeon. The flicker of our candle made fitful spectres on those gloomy walls.

"Who can tell how many tears have moistened, how many sighs and prayers have startled the rayless gloom of those dampened vaults; how many broken hearts and curbed spirits have been chained to this cold floor, for the commission of no crime, by the decree of no tribunal, but only because man claims owership in man.

"Is it possible that a people can become so deadened as to look upon such prison-houses without indignation and pity? To extend such dungeons, bolts, bars, and chains into the Territories we now own or hereafter may acquire, the Union must be overthrown, the government destroyed!

"The account-books on which I am writing show heavy sales of slaves since 1838, and many invoices of human merchandise to New Orleans by ship, when one George Kephart kept the keys of this Bastile. At that time the color of the negroes was classed as black, brown, and yellow. The traders charged 25 cents per day for their board, and no doubt made good profits. The books show that the profits to the later dealers were from $100 to $300 on a slave, after keeping a few days."

THE BLOCKADE.

It is understood, says a Washington dispatch, that the Navy Department is rapidly completing its arrangements for the movement of war vessels to Southern waters, and that the ports on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts will be effectually blockaded by the 10th of June.

THE SOUTH-SIDE VIE W.

REPORTS from the South are quite contradictory, making it very difficult to say how large are the forces of the rebels and what movements they are likely to make. It is said that 9,500 Confederate troops are between Point of Rocks and Williamsport, on the Potomac, and that among them are 300 Cherokee Indians, armed with the ancient weapons of their barbarous warfare. Between Point of Rocks, eight miles below, and Williamsport, twenty-three miles above Harper's Ferry, there are 35 pieces of cannon. The rebels have also a considerable force at Manassas Junction, a point very important for them to hold, in order to keep open communication between Richmond and Harper's Ferry. The loss of the Junction, in fact, would be likely to compel an evacuation of Harper's Ferry.

It is supposed that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 troops at Richmond, and others are arriving at the rate of 500 daily. The rebels are strengthening themselves at Norfolk and various other points, with the resolution to prevent a further advance of the United States forces, if not to attack them. No attack has been made on Fort Pickens, or is likely to be for some time. *The Herald* says:

"A mail agent of the government, who has been employed in the South for some months past, returned to Washington on Monday, and reports that he had an interview with Jefferson Davis a few days ago, whom he represents to be in very low spirits. He states, furthermore, that the Southern army is in a wretched and discontented condition, and quite demoralized. This statement would appear to be confirmed by the fact that numerous desertions take place every day in the vicinity of Washington—Secessionists surrendering themselves to our pickets with apparent gratification."

REFUGEES FROM VIRGINIA.

A company of 115 women and children, many of them the families of men who had previously been compelled to fly from Portsmouth, Va., to save their lives, arrived in this city on the 23d ult., in the steamer Keystone State. Others of the party leave husbands, fathers, sons or brothers still in the city, who are unable to get away. They had but a few hours' notice, and were obliged to depart with what few things they could get hastily together, and are thankful to have got into a civilized country again without suffering bodily harm. *The Tribune* says:

"They report a fearful state of things in Portsmouth, that city being held in complete subjection by a mob of Georgia soldiers. Women dared not walk the streets after sundown, and were often insulted in the grossest manner by the soldiers while sitting on their own door-steps. Many of them had money due them from persons in the Navy Yard, and when compelled to go for it, were subjected to the greatest indignities. Commodore French, who is in command of the Navy Yard, is represented as an old libertine, who encourages his men in their bestialities by his own conduct.

"The refugees state that there are hundreds of staunch Union men in Portsmouth, whose daily prayer is that the Secession bands may be driven from their midst. These men are kept in subjection and constant fear for their lives by the Georgia soldiers, who occupy the Navy Yard and adjacent fields. It is believed that, were it not for the soldiers, Portsmouth would give a fair majority for the Union. Union men, however, are told that if they dare to vote or talk for the Union, they will be killed instantly. Several New Yorkers have been forced to take up arms against their own flag, but firmly declare that they will never fire a bullet at it.

"Provisions in the city are so scarce that money will not buy them. Poor citizens, particularly those who are suspected of being opposed to secession, have been scarcely able to get enough to eat to keep them alive. The authorities have established a sort of distributing office, where such food as can be obtained is doled out to citizens in pitiful quantities. It consists principally of meal pork, and herring—most of which is obtained from the Navy Yard. There has been but little, if any, fresh meat offered for sale in the city, and butter cannot be had at any price."

ALARM AT RICHMOND.

There is great fear here of an attack on Richmond. From time to time scouting parties are sent out in all directions to the frontiers to scent the approach of the enemy, and it is feared that, in case of attack, the Federal troops would bombard the city, which they might easily do from the fine elevation at Holywood Cemetery. This fear is general among all except the troops, and consequently the city presents a half-mournful, half-gay appearance.

The alarm written on the faces of people in the streets, the number of citizens who have fled, with such of their property as they could carry, to the North, the desolate condition of business, the dearth of specie, the forced circulation of small bank bills of the denomination of fifty cents and a dollar, the rows and drunkenness of the new troops, all give a solemn aspect to affairs. Among the multitudes who throng the streets and the hotels in pursuit of news, are the melancholy faces of Virginia politicians whose occupation at Washington is gone, and who perceive, now too late, the frightful mistake which they have made. Merchants, pale as death, and fearing to breathe even, lest their breath may betray the agony of their anti-secession hearts, or less dangerous but not less painful agony arising from the alarming state of their balance sheets, glide along in the crowd like phantoms. The ladies who promenade the principal streets look sad and anxious, and render the mournful appearance of the place still more mournful.—*Richmond Cor. Tribune.*

CHARACTER OF SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, after a careful inspection of the troops at Richmond, writes:

"With the exception of the gentlemen soldiers of the large towns, the troops have a simple, half-idiotic appearance, with a dash of drunkenness and frivolity. While many of these poor boys have the appearance of having escaped from an insane asylum, a large number of the Western troops appear to have escaped from bagnios; but both are usually thin and lean, and form a very grotesque contrast with the rotund forms of the city gentlemen militia corps. Contrasting these with the troops of the North, we see the moral and intellectual degeneracy of the South in the most vivid colors. While the Northern troops come from among the laboring classes and bear in their appearance and character the stamp of that intelligence and vigor which is given by honorable labor, the troops of the South cannot be recruited from the laboring classes, since they are slaves, but they have to be made up mainly from the sons of the small planters, whose intellectual life is literally a life of vegetation, so that these poor unfortunates come into the world with the stupidity and idleness of their progenitors tainting their blood, reacting fearfully on physique, and producing a generation without energy and without intelligence, such as is seen in the interior of Virginia and of North Carolina. Especially in the ranks of the North Carolinians have I noticed absolutely idiotic faces: they are youthful Rip Van Winkles, who can be roused from their lethargy only by the opening of a brandy bottle or the discharge of a gun, or, in their language, 'to take a drink or shoot somebody.'

"How can we imagine that the population which has been sleeping for half a century, while the North has been making continuous progress, can understand the principles and aims of the North? And how can we suppose that a country which enslaves its laboring class can create an organized army, when that can be done only in a country where the laboring class is free? Armies are furnished from the people, and in the South there is no people, in the American and European sense of the word. The people of the South are blacks, who cannot be used for armies.

"The officers present a remarkable contrast to the soldiers. They are usually accomplished gentlemen, while the privates are inferior in every respect. From the railroad the troops go to the hotels, and every day they invade the dining rooms by hundreds, without paying for their dinners. As these boys almost without exception are tobacco-chewers, their presence soon creates a perfect gutter of filth, and to see from a little distance a mass of these dirty, tobacco-chewing, drinking, swearing, smoking, fetid troops, almost leads one to think that the swamps of the Carolinas have become locomotive swamps, as it were, made flesh, and flesh putrid with the exhalation of centuries of dirt and filth."

A correspondent of *The Times*, who had been among the troops at Harper's Ferry and farther west, writes:

"It has often been stated to me by Southerners that their army was one of *gentlemen*, while ours was the dregs of our cities. So far as I have seen, however, the Northern troops are far more intelligent, refined and moral than the Southern. Where you hear one oath in a Northern regiment (I care not if it is the worst one from New York,) you can hear a thousand in the Southern. There are, doubtless, Southern regiments like our Seventh, composed of the wealthier classes, but I have not met them. I have seen none that would compare with our Maine, Vermont or Massachusetts boys."

THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS AFTER MONEY.

A gentleman who was present, and heard what he reports, relates that the Commissioners from the Rebel States having been formally introduced to Mr. Bates, the head of the house of Baring Brothers, the great financier told them to proceed. They commenced with a most elaborate and glowing description of the resources and wealth of the rebel States. After a pause:

Mr. Bates—Have you finished?

Commissioners—Not quite. [Then a speech from Commissioner No. 2, and a pause.]

Mr. Bates—Have you finished?

Commissioners—Almost. [Then a speech from Commissioner No. 3, and a pause.]

Mr. Bates—Are you through?

Commissioners—Yes, sir; you have our case.

Mr. Bates—What States, did you say, composed your Confederacy?

Commissioners—Mississippi, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Louisiana.

Mr Bates—And Mr. Jefferson Davis is your President?

Commissioners—He is. We are proud of him.

Mr. Bates—We know Mr. Davis well by reputation. He is the same gentleman who stumped his State for two years in favor of Repudiation, and justified the conduct of Mississippi in the United States Senate. We know the gentleman; and although we have no reason to be proud of him or his antecedents, I think I may safely say, that if you have brought with you to London the necessary funds to pay off, principal and interest, the repudiated millions owing to our people by your States of Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, there is a reasonable prospect of your raising a small amount in this market! Our Mr. Sturgis will be happy to dine you at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening! *Exeunt omnes.*

While this scene was being enacted at the Baring's, Mr. Dudley Mann, waited upon our countryman Peabody, who holds $300.000 of repudiated Mississippi Bonds, on which there is due more than $600,000 of interest. Mr. Mann was very magnificent and grandiloquent, but withal, prosy; and Peabody, suffering from gout and Mississippi repudiation, lost his temper; and shaking his clenched fist at the rebel, emphatically said: "If I were to go on 'Change and hunt up the suffering and starved widows and orphans who have been ruined by your infamous repudiation of honest debts, and proclaim that you are here to borrow more of our gold and silver to be again paid by repudiation (as I believe it is my duty to do) you would inevitably be mobbed and find it difficult to escape with your life. Good morning, sir."—*Tribune.*

BARBARISM OF THE REBELS.

A letter from Evansville, Ind., gives an account of the arrival there of some of the fugitives from Southern despotism, such as are now pouring into the North and West at all points. The letter says: "For the last few days our city has been literally filled with deserters from the Southern army, and they are, or seem to be, the happiest men alive to get on free soil again. They are all for the Union, but had been forced into the Southern army. There were five of these men who came up from Memphis on Friday; they went South with several boat-loads of tobacco for the purpose of selling it; there were thirty men in all, I believe; they were taken from their boats, and had to choose between joining the Southern army or having all the hair shaved off their heads, having a number of lashes on the bare back and being put in prison for thirty days upon a diet of bread and water. Five of the men were true to the Union—the five who told this story; the others (25) joined the army, but intend to escape. The five men had all the hair shaved off their heads, and their backs were terribly mutilated. They escaped from prison and ran all the way to the river, and got aboard the boat which brought them here. Another young man, by the name of James, is also a deserter. He said the Secessionists tried to force him and four companions to join their army. Three of them said they would not do it; that they preferred death, and all three of them were hung on the nearest tree, in the presence of the soldiers and their comrades. The fourth one called them cowards, thieves, traitors, and taunted and cursed them, *when they poured cold tar over him and set fire to it.* Mr. James joined the army. At night he was awakened by some one creeping over his body. He asked what they were doing. They said they were going to desert. He joined them. When he got outside of the camp he ran until he came to a railroad station. It so happened that he had money enough to take him to Memphis, where he got on the boat and never stopped until he reached our place."

We might fill many columns with similar reports of barbarous outrages at various places in the South.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

We find this remarkable paragraph in the editorial columns of the Rochester *Union*:

"This great and long-standing conspiracy was well known in its outlines to Mr. Buchanan himself. *We heard from his own lips*, previous to his entering upon the duties of the Presidency, that he had been reliably informed (we think he said by Gov. Wise) that the officers of the army and navy had been polled on the question whether, in case of a rupture between the two sections of the Union, *they would respectively go with the North or the South; and that nearly every Southern man answered he would adhere to the section which gave him birth.* Here we have proof not only that this conspiracy had assumed its present determinate shape five years ago, and only waited for opportunity; but that Mr. Buchanan was perfectly well aware of the fact at the very time when he took some of the leaders into his Cabinet; and when he was passively aiding Cobb, Floyd, Thompson and Toucey in their plans to cripple the Federal government and assure the success of the rebellion."

"SABLE CLOUDS."

NEGRO INSURRECTION.—The Des Arc (Ark.) *Citizen*, of May 15, gives the following account of the hanging of a white man and three negroes for their efforts to get up a negro insurrection:

"Our neighbors of Hickory Plain and vicinity, fourteen miles west of Des Arc, after a patient investigation before a committee of twenty-five, on Friday last, in accordance with the verdict of said committee, proceeded to a spot designated, and to a tree having a long projecting limb, said limb being stout and well proportioned—whereon they hung, until they were dead, Tom. Williamson, a white man, and three negroes, Big Dave, Lewis and Jeff. Williamson was convicted as the leader of an insurrection, and the negroes as aiders and abettors. The balance of the negroes implicated have been whipped severely, and not less than three of them banished from the County.

"We have the most implicit confidence in the committee who have thus summarily disposed of the leaders of a plot to render their homes desolate, and to destroy the honor and virtue of their wives and daughters. All praise to those who thus defend themselves against 'irrepressible conflict,' and make *lasting examples* of both *white* and *black* who engage in insurrectionary movements that would destroy the last vestige of virtue and honor."

TERRIBLE FOREBODINGS IN NEW ORLEANS.—*The Herald* of the 24th ult., on the authority of a gentleman just returned from New Orleans, says:

"The condition of New Orleans somewhat resembles that of a country where there was neither law nor order, nor the slightest protection for life or property; and so sad had the condition of the people become, that they were mistrustful of one another, and the nearest and dearest neighbors were entirely dubious of each other. In regard to the slaves, or colored population, there was no controlling them, and they were ripe for rebellion at a moment's warning. In fact, such a pitch had the feeling among the black people assumed in its fearful forebodings that, on the 26th ultimo, the city of New Orleans was in a state of the greatest commotion from it being discovered that a deep-laid plot had been concocted by the slave population to break out into open rebellion and to murder and destroy all the white residents of the place.

"If the intimidation was great, he says, the excitement was much greater, for no sooner had the intelligence gained the slightest degree of credence than the alarm was given, which spread like wildfire from one end of the city to the other. The result was, it had been discovered that a leading chief was the ringleader in the affair, whom the authorities had immediately arrested, and the military were called out and martial law proclaimed.

"The military remained under arms during the whole night, and the greater part of the next day; but even then the intense feeling of awe and dread did not cool down; for so suspicious were the authorities of the plot to cause their utter destruction and extermination from the city and the State, that their orders were to have the very churches where the negroes assembled guarded with armed police. This proceeding was carried to such a length that they were stationed in every part of the churches, and armed officers stood at each side of the pulpit on Sundays and other evenings during the performance of divine service. It was only by the dint of this armed exhibition that terror was brought to the hearts of the slave worshippers, and had not the sword and the musket been thus brandished, not only in the streets, but in the places where the blacks worshipped, there is no knowing what dreadful consequences might have ensued. Had the preacher ever uttered a syllable that had the tendency of inciting the colored population to rebellion, he would have been at once handed over to the mercies of the authorities, and suffered the penalties consequent upon such movements or risings of the slave people, and been made amenable to the Executive of the city.

"On the 27th and 28th of the same month, two steamers were despatched to the quarantine, at the lower side of the Mississippi River, about one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles from the city, to stop the outburst spreading, and for preventing other slave territories allowing their slaves to come up. The rebellion had spread widely and rapidly, and was gaining fearful ground when our informant left. In fact, in such an excited state were the whole State and city of New Orleans at the time mentioned that there was no knowing where it would end.

"The other States in the South through which this gentleman passed he describes as being in a most lawless and rebellious condition; and he states that it was with the most expert manœuvring, as he had to overcome insurmountable difficulties, that he even made his way to New York. The people of the Southern States are opposed to the war, and are making preparation as fast as they can to leave, being convinced that a fearful calamity has come upon the country, and one which it will take many years to repair."

THE SLAVES IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.—The officers of the steamer Keystone State, which arrived in this city from Norfolk on the 23d inst., with a company of 115 women and children expelled from Portsmouth, says:

"Many of the slaves have been armed and equipped by the rebels, who claim that they can confide in them. The refugees, however, are quite certain that the first blow struck at Norfolk will be the signal for the turning of the slaves upon their masters. The slaves say but little about their plans, but are known to have frequent secret meetings. They express a great desire to obtain arms, and waste but little of the ammunition furnished them."

"THE SLAVES IN MISSISSIPPI," says a gentleman who lately arrived in St. Louis from that State, "are growing extremely restive, and several, within his own knowledge, have been shot for attempting to excite insurrections."

"A CURIOUS PRACTICE," says *The Tribune*, on the authority of "a gentleman of high position and intelligence, just arrived from Virginia," exists in some portions of South Carolina. In certain districts the negroes get permission now and then to have a funeral. According to their custom they went in the night, and taking a monstrous big coffin, would bury it in the woods. On one occasion the suspicions of a patrol-man became aroused, and he said to the party, "This must have been a mighty big nigger that died to-night." He proceeded to make an examination, when it was found that the long, ghostly box contained arms. The negroes belonged to one of the men of highest rank in the State. On another occasion, a gentleman meeting a negro with a musket in his hand, said, "Where did you get that gun? You lay that gun down." The negro replied evasively, "Well, I got it"; and added in a sulky, low tone: "We will use guns as well as you by and by." The negro was shot dead a moment after these words fell from his lips.

"THE SKIM-MILK POLICY."—At the recent special meeting of the Massachusetts Legislature, an effort was made to change the militia laws so as to allow black men to be enrolled as soldiers. Mr. Durfee, of New Bedford, offered resolves calling upon the Representatives of the State in Congress to use their influence to procure the repeal of all laws which keep any portion of the loyal subjects of the government from serving it in this contest. The resolves were advocated by several members, but were defeated, 78 to 61. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* calls this "the skim-milk policy," and says:

"The question was considered merely one of expediency. The white man says to the colored brother—'Stand aside; keep shady; if you appear in plain sight you'll frighten somebody. Your skin is black; your nose is flat; your lips are thick; your heels long; we are making excellent use of a lot of old fogy Whigs and old hunker Democrats, just now, putting down this rebellion by the money of the former and the stout right arms of the latter; these people never saw you; they don't know you; they have a prejudice against you; if you come out of the fence, you'll spoil everything; keep quiet, and let the Democrats fight for you, and the Belleverets spend money for you, and by and by you'll get all you want. Well, there was something in this, but not much. I don't think the negro need to be discouraged at any action the Legislature has yet taken. By and by, when the fight becomes thick, this nonsense will be knocked out of the Democrats and Belleveretts, and also out of the Republicans, who yield to it rather than believe in it. By and by, when Gen. Butler finds himself facing a black regiment enlisted in Gen. Lee's Virginia army, and is, perhaps, beaten because the aforesaid black regiment has been made to fight on the wrong side instead of the right side, then we shall begin to think it over again and come to a wiser conclusion. It is my impression that the negro will have but little to do with the war until it is over. After the white man has fought till he has got tired of it, and has made a peace of some sort or other, the negro will take his turn. The slaveholder will be beaten and disgraced, or victorious and more insolent than ever—I am quite sure the first thing is to happen. But, either way, then will come the black man's opportunity. If his tyrant is humbled, he will be an easy prey; if triumphant, the hopeless bondman will rise in his despair and rush upon his oppressor. Then also will come the time for leaders who shall mean something. Our generals and colonels evidently don't yet know what they are fighting for; they are drifting along, the prey of circumstance. Butler, the emancipator, masquerades as a conservative and a putter-down of slave insurrections, and apparently don't understand that he *is* in a masque. After the war is over, unless John Quincy Adams's advice is followed by government, and slavery is declared abolished, the John Brown men will make their appearance. They will be readily recruited by energetic leaders, and speedily and easily armed. As for provisions and forage, they will make their expeditions pay as they go. We shall have guerilla leaders and followers inspired by the spirit of Cromwell, mixed perhaps a little with that of the buccaneer. They will pray, however, rather than prey. They will fight like the Ironsides at Marston Moor."

THE SLAVES OF MISSISSIPPI.—A gentleman who lately arrived at St. Louis from the interior of Mississippi, informed a correspondent of *The Tribune* that "the negroes everywhere were growing arrogant, and exciting suspicion. They believe that they will soon be released from bondage; and some already demand wages of their masters. An old slave remarked: 'We shall all be free very soon; and we can get along here better than the whites, because we know how to work.' Patrol and police forces are being increased four or five fold, and the report of a gun at night, invariably excites apprehensions.

GEN. BUTLER DOING BETTER—SLAVES CONTRABAND OF WAR!—"On the 24th ult.," says a correspondent of *The Tribune*, "three negroes, slaves, belonging to Col. Mallory, commander of the rebels over in Hampton, came to the picket guard of Fortress Monroe, and demanded protection. The guard being instructed to make prisoners of all persons from without the lines, brought the negroes within the fortress, and Gen. Butler set them to work. Subsequently a rebel Major came to the fortress and demanded the negroes as runaways. Gen. Butler's reply was, that whenever Col. Mallory would come before him and establish his claim according to law, and then subscribe an oath to support the Constitution of the United States of America, the fugitives would be given up. Gen. Butler awaits the decision of Col. Mallory. Meantime, the negroes are doing good service inside the fortress, where there is room for a thousand more on the same terms."

We are glad that Gen. Butler refused to give up the slaves; but what a shame it is that his refusal was not unqualified by any recognition of slave-catching as a constitutional duty! Let us hope that thousands of slaves may find protection in the camps of the soldiers, and that when the war is over there may be virtue enough in the North, in any contingency, to refuse to return them to bondage. *The Tribune* has this comment upon Gen. Butler's course:

"Gen. Butler is right. He is a sound lawyer as well as a good soldier. He holds that negro slaves, owned by secession masters, in seceded States, are contraband of war. Like the negro himself, the General's postulate stands on two legs, viz.:

"1. Slaves are property in Virginia, in the language of the law, 'to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever.'

"2. They are employed in the secession States to dig trenches, construct embankments, carry muskets, mount columbiads, and do sundry other things in aid of the public enemy. Consequently, they are as really implements of war, as are the guns they bear for their masters, and the cannon they mount in embrasures.

"Gen. Butler, therefore, is right in regarding this peculiar species of property as contraband. Let him continue to treat all negroes caught within his lines as so many muskets and columbiads, and no more think of giving them up to the enemy than he would a cargo of captured shot and shell.

"The General, who is a practical man, will find this sort of contraband a very convenient article when he gets a little deeper down into the land of Dixie. With the thermometer ranging at 100 deg. in the shade, and earth-works to be piled fifteen feet high, he will find a couple of hundred contraband bipeds attached to each regiment capital aids to the pickaxe and wheelbarrow corps. As the General, being a strict constructionist, does not feel at liberty to set those negroes free, he has done the next best thing by setting them to work."

A dispatch from Washington, to *The Evening Post* of Wednesday, says:

"Gen. Butler's brother has just arrived here from Fortress Monroe with dispatches. He states that there are *one hundred* slaves at work within Gen. Butler's lines. The General asks instructions from the government as to the course to be pursued toward these fugitives. It is believed that the government fully approves of his decision that slaves must be regarded as contraband goods."

THE SLAVES UNDERSTAND IT.—Rev. J. A. Reubelt, who has spent four years at Greensboro, N. C., as Professor of German in the Southern University, and who came north to avoid being drafted into the rebel army, informs the Cincinnati *Commercial*, that—

"Almost universally the present war was understood by the slaves *as something that pertained to them.* In many places the whip had given place to petting and persuasion, but any attempts to reinstate the lash would be the sign for insurrections. The planters say but little of the matter, but it is well understood in all households that the servants are an element of danger of a formidable type. A great deal of anxiety was felt in regard to forced drafts, in case the South was defeated in the first, second, or third great general engagement. In many localities the disinclination to go into the fight was felt and expressed. Prof. R. said it would be impossible to succeed in a third drafting, as in such a case the slaves left at home would have things all their own way, and the women and children would be slaughtered."

JOHN BROWN, JR.—*The Pine and Palm*, James Redpath's organ, has this contradiction of current rumors, which may be regarded as authoritative: "John Brown, Jr., has never been in an 'encampment of negroes, between Newcastle and Beaver,' nor had one under his direction, nor been 'plotting treason' there nor else where recently. He has enough of his father's character to refuse to yield to any outside pressure when he knows that it is not pushing in the right direction. In what respect, pray, has this government changed since it chased 200 colored men from Chicago? or flung poor Lucy, of Cleveland, back into the hell of Southern slavery? Why should we fight its battles *yet?* John Brown, Jr., came to the East on business; and, while here, fully concurred in the views above given."

"THE BLOODED STOCK" OF THE SOUTH.—A letter from Winchester, Va., in the Charleston *Courier*, says:

"While I am writing, a regiment of eleven hundred and sixty-six Alabamians are passing the door, screeching like a scalping party of Indians. The rain is pouring down in torrents, and the poor fellows are drenched to the skin, but they seem to care no more for water (without whiskey) than a pig does for dirt. The entire regiment is a fine-looking set of men, and the small hands and feet and delicate features of hundreds among them mark them as the blooded stock of the Southern race. *Two hundred servants attend the regiment, all well armed.* Taking the regiment altogether, as regards wealth, it represents not far from fifteen millions of dollars. One of the members alone is worth two millions, and in one company are three individuals, privates, worth half a million each, ten over a hundred thousand each, and twenty-two over fifty thousand. The balance are 'small fry'—being worth insignificant sums like ten or twenty thousand dollars."

THE SLAVES UP.—The Nashville (Tennessee) *Banner* of the 22d ult., says:

"About two o'clock Sunday morning, the barn of James W. Graham, Esq., about eight miles from Kentucky, was set on fire and entirely destroyed. Ten or twelve horses and mules in it were burnt to death. Monday some five or six negroes in the neighborhood were arrested for the arson and confessed their guilt."

SAY YOU SO?—The Richmond *Examiner* is forced to make the following admission:

"We have thousands of croakers in our midst, who are assiduously endeavoring to dampen the military ardor of the young men, and to discourage the hopes of all, by talking eternally about the wealth, strength and numbers of the North, and the weakness of the South. *Some affect even to shudder at the prospect of servile insurrection as one of the probable events awaiting us.*"

THE ENEMY'S WEAK POINT.—The New York *Evangelist* says:

"Let the privateers take a few of our New York ships; let a California steamship be run off like a slaver to Cuba and sold, while the bandits appear at Montgomery with a list of the killed, like an Indian with his scalps, to claim the government bounty, and it will be impossible to make Northern troops longer perform the service of recapturing fugitive slaves! Indeed, it may then become a matter of stern duty no longer to forbear touching the point of the greatest weakness in the enemy. It may be a matter of humanity, as the speediest means to put an end to this savage warfare, to speak to the millions of slaves that one word, LIBERTY! And, indeed, it is not impossible that it may be an act of mercy to the masters themselves. It may be necessary to *give* freedom to the slaves to prevent their taking it by force. An act of emancipation may be the only means of averting the horrors of a wide-spread and most bloody servile insurrection. For all these reasons, the army may advance into the rebellious States with the proclamation of UNIVERSAL LIBERTY."

INSURRECTION IN LOUISIANA.—The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date of May 28th, says:

"It will be remembered, doubtless, that several weeks since a slave insurrection in the vicinity of Baton Rouge caused such serious alarm among the white population that many families left the city, some going to Havana, and others to Europe. From reliable sources I learn that a similar insurrection has broken out in the same vicinity, and that troops are employed to master the insurgents. On one plantation, some 15 miles from Baton Rouge, on which was residing an overseer, with his family of eight persons, the slaves stole quietly into the bedrooms, murdered every one in the house, and then set fire to the building, and to their own quarters. For two days these facts were unknown, and had it not been for an unfulfilled engagement on the part of the overseer, the truth might have been concealed for weeks, as the plantation was exceedingly retired. These slaves, with some 40 runaways, concealed themselves in 'Wilderness Swamp,' where, for six days and nights, they defied their pursuers, and were finally brought to terms by the use of bloodhounds, who followed them into the swamp, and troops, who surrounded it, preventing escape. In consequence of this, the inhabitants have called on the parish for military protection, and terror reigns supreme for twenty miles around."

VARIOUS FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

SIXTEEN BROTHERS, by the name of Fisch, of Dayton, Ohio, are in one of the companies from that State, on their way to the war. They were born in Durkheim, in Germany. The family numbers in all nineteen children. The parents are living in New York, and their children obtained leave to visit them.

CHIVALRY!—The Virginians having warned off a friend from this city, named Iredell, who had established a flourishing boarding-school among them, he held a public sale of his personal effects, which his neighbors bought at high prices. The amount of property thus sold was large, but when the sale was over, every purchaser refused to pay for what he had bought, and the plundered man was driven off with his family with barely money enough to bring him here.—*Philadelphia Cor. Tribune.*

SOUTHERN FEARS.—It is ascertained that many Southern clergymen refrained from attending the Presbyterian (Old School) General Assembly in Philadelphia, because they believed they would be torn to pieces by Northern mobs! It was so stated in the Assembly by a clergyman from the South.—*Philadelphia Cor. Tribune.*

THE TRAITOR COMMISSIONERS IN LONDON.—A letter from London in *The Tribune* says: "Messrs. Yancey, Rost, and Mann are here, but I hear they find everything up-hill work. Not the slightest progress is made toward even a talk of recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Whatever sympathizers that cause may find in London, the C. S. A. have not a particle of credit within a thousand miles of Bow bells, or the Royal Exchange. I might as well attempt to buy out the Bank of England, and pay for it with my I O U, as for the Southern Commissioners to purchase a steam-tug, a rifled cannon, or a cargo of provisions, on the bond and obligations of the Southern Confederacy. Tell Messrs. Yancey & Co. that paupers and proved swindlers have no chance whatever of obtaining goods on credit, and that the chances are not at all improved when these two characters are united in the same individual."

WANTS SOUTHERN CUSTOM.—Mr. D. Smith, of Smith's Hotel, Saratoga Springs, has issued a handbill for Southern circulation, wherein he boasts of his acquaintance with "many Southern people," and adds:

"Sympathizing with them in their efforts to maintain their *rights*, he feels his guests will be spared many vexations that would occur in places where different views are entertained."

Is it strange that Southerners misunderstand and despise the North, in view of such exhibitions on the part of her recreant sons?—*Tribune.*

MURDERS BY SLAVES.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) *Register* gives the particulars of an appalling tragedy which lately occurred in Hawkins County, Tennessee—the murder, by his own negroes, of George R. Kite, his little daughter, mother-in-law and sister-in-law. The house was afterwards fired and destroyed, and a little boy and young man, who were sleeping in another part of the building, made a narrow escape with their lives. Three of the negro men, against whom suspicion is directed, have been arrested and lodged in jail at Rogersville, to await trial.

FUGITIVES.—The Cleveland correspondent of *The Congregationalist* writes, May 4th:

"We were agreeably surprised, early yesterday morning, by the appearance at our door of a couple of colored young men. They proved to be fugitives *en route* for Canada—said they were from Hardy County, Va., about fifty miles west of Harper's Ferry. They had been five weeks on the road—had walked most of the way, because afraid to trust themselves in the hands of strangers. One of them had once before escaped into Pennsylvania, but had been betrayed by one of his own color and sent back. He was a *brother of Lucy*, who was sent back from Cleveland a few months since, as a *peace-offering* to Virginia, and to save the Union! He said his sister died only a few days after being brought back, from poison—whether administered by herself or others he did not know. They stated that 140 slaves left that vicinity about the time they did."

SOUTH-SIDE ADAMS.—It is a mistake to suppose that the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston has any idea of offering his services as a field-hand for life to a Carolina rice planter. We have positive assurances that, while the pious pastor considers such situations admirably adapted to the moral, social and physical wants of colored ministers of the gospel and their posterity in perpetuity, *he* has no doubt whatever that his own proper field of labor is in a rich parish, paying him a large salary.—*Tribune.*

A TEST OF LOYALTY.—A good story is told, and it is true, of a Virginian emigrant who stopped at Willard's a few days ago. There was considerable doubt in the minds of many whether the man was really what he represented himself to be, or a spy. He told several persons who were standing round him that he was so well known in Virginia as a Union man that $500 was offered for his head. "Why don't you go back and claim the reward?" asked a wag who was present. "I would," was the reply, "if I wasn't afraid they would pay me in Confederate bonds." It was unanimously agreed, after this reply, that the man's loyalty was above suspicion.—*New York Post.*

THE REV. W. H. CHANNING, of Liverpool, being invited to speak at a religious *soirée* at Birkenhead, said he was glad to be present, but his heart was not with them that evening; it was far away, across the waters, in his own native land. The Persia had brought him intelligence that two of his cousins had marched to fight for their country, and that a third of the same family was about to follow. It was the same in nearly every family in the Northern States; they were sending their best blood to be poured out, if need be, at the shrine of the Union. And where could his heart be but with them? He had been on a visit to the hills of Moffatt, in Scotland, among the haunts of the Covenanters, and had been struck with the reminiscences awakened by the story of their zeal, their sufferings, and sad fate. [From these allusions Mr. Channing passed to the topics suggested by the occasion.]

THE DEPTH OF BARBARISM.—We learn from a gentleman, who received his information from the messenger going to notify the family of the victim, that *a New England lady*, a teacher in Tennessee, *was lately tarred and feathered* in that State for the expression of Union sentiments. And the spot has not yet been scathed by the lightning of Divine vengeance.—*Oneida Weekly Herald.*

SCARCITY OF PAPER.—There is evidently a great scarcity of printing paper in some parts of the South. Many of the journals come North printed on half sheets, others materially reduced in size, while the dilapidated and worm-eaten aspect of some is truly shocking when brought into contrast with their former appearance.

"SHINPLASTERS."—The South is flooded with "shinplasters," of denominations ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar. They have been issued by town and

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PRAYING SLAVE GIRL.

BY JOHN HARRIS, A CORNISH MINER.

THERE is a land all beautiful,
Where clearest waters flow,
And tall trees murmur in the woods,
And golden flowerets grow.
But o'er it hangs a death-dark cloud,
As black as black can be,
Whose funeral shadow falls upon
The field of slavery.

Down in a hollow, where the roe
Bounds wild from rock to rock,
A stately mansion stands, where dwell
A planter and his flock.
Oh, toiling slaves are tortured there
With whip, and fire, and chain,
And burning sighs roll up to heaven
For vengeance on the slain.

A color'd maiden, free from guile,
And gentle as the rain
Which falls at leafy summer-time
Upon the grassy plain,
Came to her mistress sighing much,
Who blushed not thus to rave:
"A black maid with a face like yours
Has not a soul to save."

But on the morrow as she toiled
Among the sugar-trees,
A heavenly voice came on her ear,
Borne by the passing breeze;
And as it floated through her hair,
And kiss'd the slave-dress'd sod,
It seemed to whisper everywhere,
"Oh give thy heart to God!"

So by a weeping waterfall
She prayed to him above;
And soon the Holy Spirit came,
And fill'd her heart with love.
Alike the black, white, bond, and free,
May hear the Saviour's call:
No skins affect the Holy One;
His grace is free for all.

And when in after days the lash
Was drinking her hot blood,
And crushing her worn frame to earth,
Because she pray'd to God;
The black maid's spirit bounded high
On wings of silvery light,
And joined the throngs of Paradise
In robes of purest light.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: It has been often remarked that distance does the work of time, in enabling men to understand the succession and the meaning of events. I have seldom seen a better illustration of the truth of the remark than in the following article on SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES, which I translate from *The German, French, and Foreign Review*, published in Paris.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALL those in our old Europe who are watching with interest the development of that democratic form of society which has founded so powerful an empire on the other side of the Atlantic, are continually warned by new events to examine its history in conjunction with the great question of slavery. This history has, in reality, exhibited, from the beginning, the steady development of the strongest moral and religious Antinomianism [*Antinomié*] ever recorded in the annals of the human race. It shows us all the noblest and the grandest products of the Christianity and the great philosophic movement of the past century, in association with the most inhuman remnant of pagan society; liberty and the rights of man exalted to a point before unknown, by the side of the most hideous servitude. Such an opposition of principles, in proportion to the increasing strength of its exhibition, has driven opinion to the most fearful extremities, till the situation has become such that even the coolest minds see no other remedy for the evil than its own very excess.

After having long regarded slavery as an inevitable calamity, but dangerous and temporary, the statesmen of the South at length extol it as a religious and political dogma. They no longer lament, as formerly, its numerous evils: they blush for it no longer, but defend it with inconceivable haughtiness, and call it, with assurance, their "peculiar institution." They have broken, with imprudent hand, all the barriers that were opposed to this great peril by the wisdom of their fathers, and openly proclaimed the indefinite multiplication of slave States as the aim of the general and territorial policy of what, up to yesterday, has been called the Union; they have successively destroyed all the treaties concluded with the North under the name of compromises; have wrung from her concessions of continually increasing importance, in the name and for the sake of the Union; and, on the morning of their first check, are the first to show themselves unfaithful to the Constitution they have so constantly invoked. Without the slightest provocation, they place themselves in revolt against all the laws of their country, and trample under foot the work of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Patrick Henry, and John Jay.

The North, so long the dupe, and, with shame it must be confessed, so long the accomplice, too, of the planters, though thinking herself meanwhile sufficiently absolved from the iniquities of the system because she did not actually hold the slave-whip in her own hand—the North is at length irritated at seeing the political power entirely concentrated in the Southern States, less populous, less wealthy, less industrious, less enlightened. She has seen every guaranty she ever received taken away; her patience is worn out; and she has just raised to power a President decided to prevent the extension of slavery in the Territories. The unceasing labors of the Abolitionists, and the moral agitation they have kept up for the last twenty-five years, now bear their first fruits. The popular conscience is aroused, above all in the New England States. Astonished to see the South contest the results of a regular constitutional election, they seem more willing than could possibly have been foreseen a few years ago, to see the compact broken that has so long enchained in a common destiny and a like responsibility, populations whose morals and whose principles are so widely different.

Starting from the same point, the South and the North have marched towards opposite poles, one to extend slavery, the other to abolish it. What a space has been traversed in less than a century! More than one useful lesson may be gathered by looking from this point of view over the short history of the United States. One may learn how rapid in their development are the consequences of an evil principle; how, by avoiding to meet great questions on account of the dangers and the uncertainty that surround them, we make the dangers the more pressing and the uncertainty more trying. Let us examine the beginnings and the development of a political system which has wedded democracy to slavery, and stirred up, at length, a conflict among the oppressors—a conflict so fearful that nothing can as yet foreshow its issue.

Among the heroes of the American Revolution, one cannot point to a single defender of the servile institution. It was with grief that they saw it make its way into their Constitution, in every other respect so admirable; and, as if the better to conceal the stain they fixed upon their work, they avoided giving to slavery its true name. Those famous clauses, the text of so many discussions, merit a literal citation.

ARTICLE I.—*Section* 2.—1. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.

2. No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

3. Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until each enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to choose three; Massachusetts, eight; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, one; Connecticut, five; New York, six; New Jersey, four; Pennsylvania, eight; Delaware, one; Maryland, six; Virginia, ten; North Carolina, five; South Carolina, five; and Georgia, three.

4. When vacancies happen in the representation from any State, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

5. The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

ARTICLE IV.—*Section* 2.—1. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

2. A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

3. No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

It was not without long and painful hesitation that the Northern Representatives allowed the planters to wring from them the important concessions contained in these two Articles. The clause which adds to the number of whites three-fifths of the number of slaves as a basis of national representation, constituted a most important privilege in favor of the Southern States, and secured a preponderance of planters in Congress from the outset. The method by which the Senate is composed contributed still further to the same result. Each State, whatever its population, names two Senators. These personages, whose mission it is to maintain the Federal compact intact, and to watch over the interests of the whole Confederation, may be compared to the ambassadors that different powers of unequal size send to a Congress; with this difference, that the Senate of the United States is a sort of permanent Congress, and its powers exceed those of the higher chambers of most representative States. It is in this body that we are to look for the clearest and firmest expression of the American policy, whose traditions and tendencies it expresses with even more strength than the House of Representatives. It has always included the most remarkable men of the Confederation. The planters early discerned a very simple method of maintaining a majority in the Senate. It was, to augment the number of slave States, in proportion as emigration and free labor took possession of new territory in the North. In the flag of the Union, all the stars being of the same size, it was only necessary to sow them more speedily on one side than on the other.

This policy was not at first distinctly exhibited. That portion of the continent not comprehended in the original States, but acquired by the Federal government by treaty or cession, has always been known under the name of *Territory*. When the Federal compact was signed, there were only thirteen States, stretching along the Atlantic and on the confines of the great chain of the Alleghanies. The stipulation of the Constitution respecting the Territory was as follows:

ARTICLE IV.—*Section* 3.—1. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress.

2. The Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

The immense region between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes was ceded in 1784 to the Confederation by the State of Virginia, which claimed to be the mistress of it. When that cession took place, one of the Virginia delegates, Jefferson, drew up a plan of organization for the new Territory, and, in general, "for all the Territory then ceded, or that might thereafter be ceded by the States to the United States." This plan stipulated that the Territory should be, from time to time, "subdivided into separate States," and that after the year of our Lord 1800, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist in the said States, otherwise than as a punishment for crime. Jefferson's proposition was, most unhappily, lost by a single vote. Three years after, Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, renewed it, but could only secure its passage by a very considerable change for the worse. His proposition is known in the history of the United States by the name of "The Ordinance of 1787." It formally excludes slavery from all the Territory to the north-west of the river Ohio. By means of this new arrangement, two new States to the south of the river, Kentucky and Tennessee, were enabled to inscribe slavery in their Constitutions.

The first period of the history of the United States is filled with the great struggle between the Federalists and the Democrats. The first-named party sought to strengthen the attributes of the Federal power, and the well-known sentiments of its distinguished men prove that the abolition of slavery, by the initiative of the central authority, was one of the objects of their policy. The Democrats, on the contrary, felt that in exalting the principle of State sovereignty they were preparing an instrument of infallible certainty against emancipation. It may, therefore, be said that the defeat of the Federalists was a misfortune to the American Union. Ever since the presidency of John Adams, the Democratic party had the direction of its affairs. During that long period, all the decisions on constitutional questions, general policy, diplomacy, war, the development of the Territories, the system of annexation, all conspired to a single end, more and more audaciously made manifest—the strengthening and extension of the servile institution. In the execution of this fatal design, the Democrats made use of the prestige of their name, with the utmost ability. It operated like a charm upon the popular masses, and, above all, upon the increasing multitude of emigrants, who, flying from Europe, expected to find in the mere name of democracy, a remedy for every ill. The foreign policy of the Democrats, always aggressive and audacious, equally confirmed their popularity, by flattering the pride of a race which considers the whole American continent as its natural domain, marked out by the very finger of Providence.

When the Constitution was drafted, it was agreed that the jurisdiction of Congress should extend over all the territory belonging to the United States, but no provision was then made for territory which might afterwards be ceded to the United States, whether by separate States or by foreign nations. Thus, when Napoleon contemplated the sale of Louisiana to the American government, it was the opinion of Jefferson, who was then President, that the Constitution did not authorize the addition of this region to what was already called Territory, and he thought another Article was needed, which should be presented for popular ratification. "To admit Louisiana," wrote he to one of his friends, "would be to make a dead letter of the Constitution." Too easily led away by his party, he had the weakness not to oppose his veto to this measure, and Louisiana was received without any condition on the question of slavery. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, perceived so clearly the dangerous nature of this act, that he had the boldness to tell Congress that "it virtually broke the tie of the Union, and freed the States from all obligation to it; giving to all the right, and imposing on some the duty, of preparing for a separation, peaceably if they could—forcibly if they must."

Louisiana was acquired in 1803, and in the following year, the 26th of March, 1804, it was, by Act of Congress, erected into a double Territory. The competency of Congress, guaranteed by the Constitution, was not yet contested, and no one thought of placing a limit to its powers. The ingenious theory of the sovereignty of the first occupant (Squatter Sovereignty), which has since made so much noise, had not then been invented; and hence are found, in the act of organization of Louisiana, articles which prohibit the introduction of any slave by means of the foreign trade. "No slave shall be either directly or indirectly brought into the said territory, except by a citizen of the United States coming to settle there—a *bona fide* slaveholder; and every slave imported or brought into the said territory, contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be entitled to his freedom." Since Congress could prohibit the importation of blacks by sea, it might also, without exceeding its powers, prohibit it by land. The domestic traffic, or, as it might without exaggeration be called, the *breeding* of blacks, rapidly furnished slaves to the new territory. It is none the less true that Congress at that period thought itself authorized to regulate slavery in the territories, and it was not for a constitutional reason that slavery was not interdicted.

In 1819, the colonists established in the lower valley of the Mississippi, making part of the vast territory of Louisiana, demanded entrance as a new State into the Union. The Ordinance of 1787 had made the Ohio River the limit of the servile institution; the admission of Missouri had given occasion for a series of passionate debates which terminated in the famous act called "The Missouri Compromise," the great effort of Mr. Clay. By this act all the territory to the south of 36 degrees north latitude was given up to slavery. Thus were sacrificed to the exigencies of the planters, the most beautiful and the most fertile regions, formerly ceded by France. The North considered the Missouri Compromise as a supreme sacrifice made to union; as an immovable barrier against the encroachments of slavery; and reposed for years in that deceitful confidence. One after another, new slave States were made in those provinces, and yet the policy of the planters soon proceeded to new conquests. The rich province of Texas tempted the South. General Jackson offered to buy it of Mexico; and this proposition being rejected, they had recourse to war. Texas was invaded by an army recruited almost wholly from the South. The war was undertaken solely on pretext of delivering Texas from the Mexican tyranny; but the delivered country demanded, the very next year, to be incorporated into the Union. Annexation raised once more the question of slavery; for this institution had been abolished in all the Mexican provinces. The planters were impatient to reëstablish it, and Mr. Upsher, of Virginia, then Secretary of State, boldly declared in the treaty of annexation which he submitted in 1844 to the Senate, that "the establishment of an independent government so near the slave States, speaking the same language, and forbidding slave labor, could not fail to produce the most dangerous effect." The opposition to annexation was so violent, that the treaty of Mr. Upsher was rejected; a furious debate took place between the North and the South; the free States, according to their wont, and after a vain protest, gave way. The annexation was declared in the Senate December 22, 1845. It was stipulated that Texas should be, in due time, divided into four States, and the South thus made sure, eventually, of eight votes in the Senate.

The Mexican war, which followed the annexation of Texas, gave to the United States that new and immense territory which includes the magnificent provinces of California. After the discovery of the gold diggings, an unheard of crowd of emigrants flocked towards that region, which soon demanded entrance as a State into the Confederation. California had excluded slavery from her Constitution. Nothing more was needed to make the South refuse to admit her to the Union. The Northern States, on their side, demanded that the servile institution should be proscribed in all the territories won from Mexico, on the grounds that it had been abolished by the Mexican government, and that it was at length necessary to circumscribe the domain of slavery. Again, after a delusive struggle, the North consented to a most humiliating compromise. To obtain the freedom of California—that is to say, the simple ratification of a fact—she agreed to sustain an act in virtue of which territorial governments were to be established in the rest of the Mexican provinces, without any restriction on the slavery question. The same act declared the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, that neutral region where Washington, the seat of government, is situated, to be inopportune; established new measures for the rendition of fugitive slaves; and finally stipulated that Congress should have no power to prevent the domestic slave trade.

This compromise secured the Southern victory. Nothing thenceforth was denied her; and the planters were more encouraged by the weakness and want of political tact of their adversaries than even by the advantages they had obtained. The most odious consequence of this new work of Clay undoubtedly was the law relative to the rendition of fugitives. Daniel Webster gave it the support of his incomparable eloquence, and promised himself the Presidency as the reward of his unworthy condescension. But he soon underwent the just punishment of finding his ambition disappointed and his alliance rejected, like an instrument no longer needed.

The Constitution had stipulated, in very general terms, the extradition of slaves who might take refuge in the free States, but nothing was settled as to the exercise of this right. The law of 1793 made the fate of fugitives depend, not on the verdict of a jury, but on the decision of a single person. Every fugitive might be seized, brought by any one claiming to be his master, or by any agent of the master, before a State Circuit Judge, or even before any County or City Magistrate, where the arrest took place. The master's oral testimony, or the simple written declaration of a magistrate of the State or Territory whence the slave had fled, was admitted. If the judge or magistrate who received this testimony or declaration acknowledged himself satisfied, the fugitive was delivered up to the claimant. In this extraordinary manner were simplified, to the injury of the colored race, the ordinary proceedings of Anglo-Saxon tribunals, which surround questions of identity and testimony with legal difficulties and suspicions of every kind.

By the law of 1850 more still was accomplished. An exceptional jurisdiction was created, and a class of special magistrates appointed under the name of Commissioners for fugitive slaves. The discovery and the return of blacks into slavery became a regular salaried occupation. The Commissioners had a personal interest in their work, receiving, for every certificate of extradition they executed, the sum of ten dollars. If they failed to pronounce the person claimed to be a slave, the sum was reduced to five dollars.

A few examples will show how these judgments are rendered. In 1850, a man of color named Gibson was arrested at Philadelphia and brought before a Commissioner, who gave to them that brought him a certificate that he was a fugitive from Maryland, belonging to a man named Mitchell. When Mitchell saw the black man, he had the honesty to declare that he did not know him and had no right to keep him. This shows how little value should be attached to a mere description of the person. The slave-hunters (what other name can be given to those who make a business of searching the North for fugitives?) have often arrested persons of color, and compelled them, by atrocious violence, to confess themselves the slaves of such or such a planter. In 1851, a woman of color, Elizabeth Parker, was arrested in Chester County, and dragged before a Commissioner in order to obtain an order for her surrender. The State of Pennsylvania provided her with counsel. This defender had an interview with her, and she at first declared that she was a slave. But when she perceived signs of sympathy in him, she ended by confessing that she had made her first declaration under the influence of fear, in consequence of the bad treatment she had received from the agents who arrested her.

It may easily be conceived that the execution of this law would be condemned by every honest man in the North. Written law must never be made to violate natural law. We must needs curse the political system which could wring from a Protestant minister, well known in New York, the barbarous declaration, "If my own mother were a fugitive slave in the North, I would myself give her up to her master." Happily, such sentiments can never take root in Christian society. Both the pathetic and the horrible scenes growing out of the Fugitive Slave law, the enforced ignominy of its agents, all combine to irritate and awaken conscience, and to stir up all those indestructible sentiments which live in the depths of human nature, and which, in spite of all legal arrangements, protest in behalf of the feeble and the unfortunate. The middle ages gave to the vilest criminals an asylum in the church; the suppliant, in pagan antiquity, found refuge before the statues of the gods. In our modern political revolutions, generous men have sheltered their conquered foes, at the price of their own safety. Can we, then, be astonished that the Northern States lose patience at the continually recurring slave-hunts? Even Boston, the Athens of America, so proud of its civil order, its elegance, its free traditions, and of the lofty part it has never ceased to play in the history of the country, has not been spared this humiliation.

The first time, a fugitive slave named Simms was taken from Boston without difficulty. On the 24th of May, another, named Anthony Burns, was arrested in the capital of Massachusetts. Some resistance was attempted; the blood of a citizen was shed. Immediately the city was invaded by Federal troops, cannon were placed in the streets, and the approach to the tribunal of justice was intercepted by chains. The unhappy fugitive was carried on board ship between two rows of soldiers, and it was impossible to rescue him.

(To be continued.)

GOING TO PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

LET us suppose Sunday come, and a strong burst of enthusiasm ushering you into the royal presence of Beecher (they used to say, *King Mirabeau*) on one of his brightest mornings, and with his great head above all the clouds which do so easily beset a being based on body. It is not, to be sure, so easy to get into that presence. The usher of the black rod stands waiting at the church door, and asks you if you have a seat—you confess that you have only a hope of one—he thereupon waves you back with resolved brow, and hope deferred does its work upon your heart, or, possibly, your temper. But when the pewholders have entered into their seats and cushions, there remaineth also a rest for you. You smile upon that dark minister of restriction, useful if unwelcome, and are at peace and in charity before the great preacher slips out of his little door and into his great chair, with the lesson for the day in his hand. The congregation itself deserves a word. It is not made up of women and children, as if the feeble alone were in danger of damnation. Perhaps that predominance of the upper strings in most religious assemblies gives rises to that high-pitched and squeaking tone of preaching which is so prevalent among the more formal sects. Mr. Beecher's congregation furnishes a good manly bass, and his sweeping harmony includes all the chords of the human instrument, from the deepest and broadest to the finest. It is a mistake, you see, to suppose that it is the preacher alone who performs in the Sunday's services. He is but the leader, or *chef d'orchestre*. We only hear him, but Heaven hears the symphony of the devout hearts that follow him. His business is not only to utter himself, and let men take that for good or for bad. He knows all his sinners, what they can do, and what they must be made to do. He must touch up his lazy ones, and keep back those who always hurry, not knowing that, as Mohammed said, "Haste is of the devil." The fiddling of those trifling violins is good here, but we must hasten to quench it with the melodious tones of the flute and oboe, poetic, spirit-breathing. Now, rouse up those selfish, grumbling basses, and let those fiery trumpet-souls loose their fury. In the *fortissimos* we want even the kettle-drums of obstinacy, pounding ever the same note, persisting in the same dull discord. Believe me, this many-toned, many-stringed melody is the preacher's true work, not an ingenious solo performance upon one string of sympathy, the rest being studiously cut away. And this is Beecher's work, grand and glorious in itself, but a thousand times more grand, more glorious in its result.

Well, we left him sitting in his pulpit chair, with that singular expression of humor which is the predominant one when his face is in repose. He gives out the hymn, and the congregation thunder nobly the sacred words to a tuné of Mozart. He reads the Scripture carefully, and prays, not with extreme devoutness, but with acceptance. But as he approaches the sermon, one feels the concentration of the public mind upon that, the blossom of the week, which is to bear the fruit of good deeds, and the seed of better intentions. No, we will not attempt to describe his sermon. What he says, as far as words go, is taken down in short-hand and printed, by those with whose legitimate work we should be sorry to interfere. As to how he says it, that is not so easily given. We have already tried our hand at a tolerable portrait, but he seems a new man every time we see him. Stereotyped phrases cannot contain him. He breaks out into extraordinary freshness—he laughs print and paper to scorn. Now he presents our sins in a comic light—we laugh to see what fools we are. Now he gathers them together in wrath, and hurls them at us—we submit and are sorry. Most and best, he shows us the good that is in and for us, and we take heart and thank God. When all is said, we feel ourselves elevated to a dozen times our usual power. We have taken the measure of a larger heart than our own. The 2,500 present intone the fine hymn of A. C. Coxe:

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a strange and awful time."

And with a benediction which promises to pass not only the East River, but many of the troubled waves of life, we seek the ferry boat, we remember it a horse boat, and are in Brooklyn no more.

Should this great genius come to see you, confess now, you would be at once startled and delighted. On the one hand, so great an honor would almost make you fancy you were somebody—on the other, you are deeply conscious that you are not; while you seek hastily, in your little threadbare rag-bag of a mind, some trifle that you may venture to offer him. Be not afraid. As soon should the King borrow sixpence of you, as this man request you to display your little trumpery for his amusement. He walks abroad to bestow, not to receive, and scatters the glittering largesse of his thought in generous handfuls. Do not attempt either to answer him. While you gather up your wits to meet him here, he is there, now here, and now there again. You can keep him in sight, but you always come up five minutes behind him, and he laughs as your little paces strive to measure themselves with his giant strides. To make a practicable breach in his defenses would be difficult, but why would one wish to do it? He is the friend of all but the wicked, and even to them he is a man and a brother.—*Mrs. Howe, in the Tribune.*

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

BY WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at a country ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And when she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle;
I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of daggers or of dancing-bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched: the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading.
She botanized: I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading.
She warbled Handel: it was grand—
She made the Catalini jealous.
She touched the organ: I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories:
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories:
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes of elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle-dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished.
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly Not Yet,' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs—Something—Rogers.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

A COMMITTEE, composed of Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Hamilton Fish, George William Curtis, J. J. Cisco, G. T. Strong, John A. Dix, Luther Bradish, M. H. Grinnell, Richard Grant White, T. Romeyn Brodhead, Arthur Leary and Maunsell B. Field, offer a prize of five hundred dollars for a National Hymn, words and music original, or two hundred and fifty for original words or original music. The instructions given to competitors are technically good. In addition, we learn that the Hymn is to be "purely patriotic, adapted to the whole country—not a war song, or only appropriate to the present moment."

We are glad to see such an offer. It shows good taste and good feeling. But we doubt the ability of five hundred or five hundred thousand dollars to evoke an enduring national hymn. It may come, but not at the call of prizes or medals. Then again, what is "patriotic"?—how far is that patriotism, put into verse, to tell the truth? It must be adapted to the whole country. Ah! the whole country includes four million slaves, governed by as cruel a code as tyranny can devise; and two-thirds of the whole country, geographically speaking, will spit at any National Hymn which raises its lyrical orisons to the God of the Oppressed and the Broken-Hearted in bonds. There must be the divine stuff for a raging, glorious National Hymn. When the league of tyrants were menacing France, and she sprang to her feet and hurled fourteen armies of a hundred thousand men in the face of her foes, so that no foreign foot could shame her soil, then out of those Vesuvian heats of liberty came the immortal Marseillaise of Roget De Lisle, armed with the panoply of heroism, born fully proportioned in music and in verse; and, like the lightning and the thunder, it flashed and pealed through the skies of war.

We fear that there is too much peace required by the Committee for a tremendous enduring hymn. Out of nothing comes nothing, and Peace never yet made a National Hymn. "God Save the King" or "Queen," is adapted from an old French Air, but it reeks with denunciation and impudent denunciation of all who oppose the great immaculate island, and is battle to the innermost fibre.

The Star Spangled Banner is splendid, both words and music, and the least bit of modification puts the air within the reach of ordinary voices. But it was written amid the ecstatic shouts of victory, when all the air was thick with popular electricity, and it sings of war and triumph, and the flag of heroes. Shall a song written for the pandean-pipes of peace evoke its equal in the national heart, when the drum's fierce whirr and the trumpet's imperial blare, proclaim the coming crash of hosts in arms?—*Tribune.*

SONNET.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray.
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father, thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe these thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue in me may be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I shall tread.
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Foreign Gleanings.

A STORY is current that not long ago two bishops fell into conversation. The younger, whose tenure of the episcopacy has not been long enough to check his natural enthusiasm, was dilating on the merits of Mr. Spurgeon, on the benefits that would accrue to the Church if she numbered such men in her ranks, and on the happiness of the Dissenters in having such a preacher to listen to. His companion, one of the oldest and shrewdest members of the Bench, quietly observed, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass."

RECLAIMING THE FALLEN.—A lady in Glasgow has been the means of reclaiming 250 fallen women during the last twelvemonth. So far as is known, twenty relapsed, and of this number several have returned, and are again doing well. Eighty-five of these girls have been restored to their parents, upward of forty sent to service, and the remainder (except one or two of the latest comers) are engaged in miscellaneous employments. At present there are about sixty of the latter under the immediate control and supervision of the lady.

AN AFRICAN SACRIFICE.—At the mouth of the Brass river, when an Albino girl is sacrificed, the officiator at this ceremony is an old man named Onteroo. He has an enormous tuberosity on the back of his head; but whether his divinity is believed to exist in this or not, my informant cannot say. Several canoes accompany him and the victim, who, it seems, is quite satisfied with her fate, as she is indoctrinated with the idea that her future destiny is to be married to a white man. As soon as they reach the bar, the canoes are all turned with their heads homewards; the word is given, and the girl is thrown into the water, with a weight round her neck to prevent her floating, thus obviating the possibility of an escape.—*Ten Years' Wanderings among the Ethiopians, by Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S.*

HOW TO IMPRESS "NIGGERS."—When I can't 'swade 'em, I frittens 'em—dat is great art, and white preacher don't always understand de nature ob colored folks. Now, Pompey, dere is one natur ob "nigger," and one natur ob Massa Buckra. You can't scare our people by telling 'em dey'll go to berry hot place if dey is sinners, for no place is too hot for dem dat sleep on pillow of hot roasted sand in de boilin' heat ob day, wid dere faces turned up to it like a sunflower. I scare dem by cold: I talk ob frozen ribbers dat dey must walk on barefoot, and ob snow-drifts, and ob carryin' great junks ob ice on dere bare heads foreber and eber, like discharging cargoes ob Yankee ice from Boston vessels, which kills more ob dem dan yaller fever. I can't talk book larnin', 'cause I can't read; nor eberlastin' long words, 'cause I can't pronounce 'em. But I fritten dem to death a'most, so dey call me Old Scare Crow.—"*The Season Ticket,*" *in the Dublin University Magazine.*

BYRON'S PALACE.—Newsted Abbey, celebrated as the property of Lord Byron, has been finally disposed of. In accordance with the provisions of the will of the late Col. Wildman, the school-fellow and ardent admirer of the poet, who occupied it until his death, the property was put up at auction in London on the 13th of June last. The highest bid at that time was $121,000, when it was bid in by the estate, the reserve bid being $180,000. Lately it has been disposed of to Mr. Wm. Frederick Webb, of Westwick, in the County of Durham, an officer of the army, having held a commission in the 17th Lancers, though he has never seen service. He is a gentleman of considerable means, has travelled in India and Africa, and is a person of some literary attainments. He is at present about thirty years of age. It is his intention, it is understood, to make immediate arrangements for taking up his residence at the Abbey. Mr. Webb has not yet indicated whether the public will be allowed the same license for visiting the place as they have heretofore enjoyed.

INDIA COTTON.—I am glad to notice that the Indian government is moving in this cotton crisis. They have given directions that the wretched roads leading to the cotton districts be at once repaired, and they are ready by their officers to cooperate in diffusing intelligence among the ryots as to any demands that may arise for cotton. India is unquestionably moving. Bombay has already exported nearly twice the number of bales this year compared with last—231,729 bales since the 1st January of this year, against 100,098 bales in 1859; and if there should come a crisis, it is probable that its resources might furnish from a third to nearly a half of the amount supplied by the American exporters of this year. It will be satisfactory also to the British cotton interest to know that prices are firmer here for imports, so that the cotton trade with India is likely soon to be much more remunerative than of late it has been. I may add, as a fact, in which Glasgow houses will be interested, that it is the Scottish houses of Bombay which this year occupy by far the most prominent place in the export cotton trade.—*Correspondent of The Glasgow Guardian.*

WRESTLING FOR A WIFE.—A romantic story is told of M. Duranton, a gentleman engaged by England and France to travel through Africa. It is reported that he departed from St. Louis, accompanied by armed slaves, and with a large quantity of goods; and that, having arrived at Timbuctoo, he stopped at the location of a very wealthy tribe, where he fell in love with the daughter of the chief. The father, looking upon the alliance as a very great honor, gladly accepted the proposal of marriage. The only condition imposed on the enamored candidate for the hand of the *fair* one was that he should, as in the days of ancient chivalry, enter the lists with any other candidate, and conquer him in a friendly wrestling match. To this our stalwart European at once consented, and soon carried off the prize, being victorious in the contest. As his father-in-law was the paramount chief, or sovereign, of this extensive and wealthy tribe, he, as his son-in-law, now became eligible for election to the throne, provided he triumphed in the great national contest of wrestling with any other claimant to the same exalted position. In this second encounter, also, his prowess was victorious, and, without further opposition, he ascended the throne. —*Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa.*

A LADY DUELLIST.—A curious fact is related as having taken place at Berlin. At a first-class hotel in that city, a political discussion arose at the *table d'hote*, which grew rather warm, during which some personal remarks were passed between two young men hitherto strangers. They left the table, and cards were exchanged; the result was that the young man, a stranger to Berlin, sent a letter requesting a due provision of pistols. The letter, however, fell into the hands of a sister of the young man, who conceived the very extraordinary notion of personating her brother, to whom she is devotedly attached—the idea of danger to him being more insupportable than death to her. As she is very like her brother, she trusted the truth would not be discovered, and she actually appeared on the field at the appointed hour. The place of meeting was that where Herr von Kinkeldy was killed some two or three years before. The opponent was, however, not to be deceived by this false appropriation of the pantaloons, though willing, out of gallantry, to humor the fair one, and frighten her for her frolic; so he took his place, and as he obtained the right of first fire, levelled his pistol at his fair antagonist for a time. She did not, however, flinch, and he was forced at last to fire in the air. The turn of the lady came, and she was in nowise nervous about her rights, and shot the young man in the shoulder. The wound was slight. The matter is in the hands of the police; and the newspapers have got scent of it, as appears from a paragraph in the *Kolnister Zeitung.*

LION HUNTING.—We have been informed that Mr. George Reynolds, of Queenstown, shot a full-grown male lion in the bush close to the Rev. Mr. Waters's mission station a few days ago. The king of the forest had been preying on the stock of a farmer named Ferriers, having killed three oxen belonging to him, as also a mare belonging to a Hottentot working in the bush. After the latter was killed a party was formed, consisting of a few Englishmen and natives, among whom was Mr. Reynolds, who happened to be there at the time with some wagons fetching timber. They all sallied out with guns, and about eight, a.m., they came upon the lion, which was feeding on the dead body of the mare. As soon as the lion saw the party approach, he made off into the bush, growling, feeling, no doubt, vexed at being disturbed in his repast, and was followed by a little dog, which commenced barking. Presently a Hottentot boy called out that the lion was coming in the direction of the party, when most of them got up into trees close by. Reynolds (or "George," as he is familiarly styled), who happened to be on the outskirts of the bush, remained standing where he was, when his majesty trotted up towards him to within about 40 yards, and then stood and faced him, roaring tremendously, causing the ground apparently to shake. Reynolds, who must have possessed a high degree of courage, raised the gun to take aim, when the roar of the lion caused his hand to vibrate and swing about, and his hat, he states, was sensibly raised from off his head. He quietly adjusted his wide-awake, pulling it down over his eyes to shade the sun, and again raised his gun, and with unerring precision shot the lion through the kidneys. Before going up close to the